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Margaret Georgia Fawcett
Straight Wharf Theatre
Nantucket, Mass.

"MACY'S BRIGHT STAR"

by

Margaret Georgia Fawcett

"MACY'S BRIGHT STAR"

(Life of Rowland Hussey Macy, Founder of
R.H. Macy's Department Store, N. Y. City)

by - Margaret Georgia Fawcett.

CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

In Prologue

Captain Clarke - (Voice off-stage)
Rowland Hussey Macy - (seaman, on whaleship, at 18 years)

In Play

John Macy - (Rowland's cousin)
Charles Macy - (Rowland's young brother, 10 years.)
Town-Crier -
Thomas - (boy of about 12 years.)
Phineas Frothingham - (of The World's People)

Patience Starbuck -)
Priscilla Starbuck -) (Three young Quaker girls)
Deborah Swain -)

Phebe Macy - (Rowly's young sister aged 7 years)

Richard Hussey -)
Peter Coffin *) (Two young seamen)

Rowland Hussey Macy - (Aged 19 years, later in his 30's)
Louisa Thornton
Ralph Thornton - (her brother)
Zebidiah Osgood
Edwin Parker
Mattie Thornton - (Ralph's wife)
Rowland Macy Jr. - (Rowland and Louisa's son)
Margaret Getchell - (Rowland's cousin)

Street Urchin
Euphemia Harris
Mrs. Harris
Union Officer
His Wife

Belle Crossland - (A Saleslady in Macy's Store)
Kitty Foley - (Another Saleslady)
Rosebud Moss - (Cash-girl - Small child)
Miss Merrick - (The umbrella customer)
Abiel LaForge - (Captain in Union Army)
Rose Eytinge - (Prominent actress of the day)
Fanny -)
Millie -) (cash-girls - small children)

Notation---

(Thomas can "double" as street-urchin)
(Patience can "double" as Euphemia) (Priscilla as Officer's Wife)
(Edwin Parker can "double" as Union Officer)
(Phebe can double as one of the cash-girls)

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Prologue

At the wheel of "The Emily Morgan", whaleship in Pacific Ocean in 1832 (only steering wheel and fog effect needed)

ACT I

- Scene I - John Macy's Periodical Shop, Fair St. Nantucket, - 1833
(Full stage - Doorways, down-stage right and left used in all three scenes of Act I)
- Scene II - Living-room in Thornton's home, Boston, 6 months later)
(Half-stage, with painted back-drop)
- Scene III - Office in Mercantile Bank, Haverhill, Mass. 1847
(Full stage used again, with same plain wall back-drop, as Scene I, with different furniture, etc.)

ACT II

- Scene I - Living-dining room of the Macy-Thornton household at 326 Sixth Avenue, New York City, - 1859.
- Scene II - The Same, - 1862.

ACT III

- Scene I - Street outside R. H. Macy's Fancy Dry Goods Store, Sixth Avenue and 14th Street, New York City, 1865.
(This is a painted back-drop of storefront, hung in One, downstage) (Also this scene can be eliminated)
- Scene II - Inside Macy's Store, at same time as Scene I.
(Full-stage - double set - with part of office shown at stage-left and counters and part of store seen at stage-right.)
- Scene III - The Same, seven years later, Christmas season, 1872.

Notation ---

R. H. Macy was born on Nantucket Island, and this play is based on the historical facts of his life, according to all available data.

For the authentic information in this play, the author is indebted to Ralph M. Hower's "History of R. H. Macy's of New York". a comprehensive study of Macy and the New York Store; also to the "R. H. Macy & Co." archives, and to Edouard Stackpole, of Nantucket, Mass. and Boston, Mass.

1966 Version

ACT I SCENE I

(Inside John Macy's Periodical and Notions Shop, Fair Street, Nantucket 1834. John, dressed as a Quaker of the period -- no buttons on vest and wearing large brimmed hat, indoors as well as out, is standing at tall desk doing his accounts while his ten-year old son is dusting and reading the magazines and papers from counter near door to street, -- Stage-Left. Town Crier's bell is heard in distance and after a pause his voice comes nearer and nearer.)

Town Crier -- Hear ye - Hear ye - Thick fog in harbor, no ships sighted --
Paddocks has nails, all sizes - Hear Ye - First crocus seen in
Eliza Cod's garden !

(Town-Crier pokes his head in door of store)

Mornin', Friend Macy.

John -- Morning, Obed, no news of the EMILY MORGAN! Word came last night
she was at the Bar.

Town Crier -- Fog's lifting, -- maybe she'll be sighted soon. Any new merchandise?

John -- (Returning to his accounts) Pins and needles.

Town Crier -- It was needles and pins yesterday.

John -- They're still news.

Town Crier -- "Needles and pins, needles and pins -- when a man marries his
troubles begin" !

(He winks at Charles and starts ringing bell and disappears
as his voice trails off, up the street)

Hear ye -- hear Ye -- Get your pins and needles at John Macy's
Shop -- "Needles and pins, -- when a man marries his troubles
begin"---- Temperature 54 -- Barometer rising -- Hear Ye --

John -- Thee best take thy nose out of the books and finish thy
task. Thee is no better than thy brother Rowly

SCENE I

was at your age, when he worked for me here.

Charles -- Will I know Brother Rowly when he gets back on the EMILY MORGAN ?

(He dusts strenuously)

John -- Maybe not, after four years at sea, he'll be much changed.

Charles -- Some of the boys at school say the EMILY MORGAN is so long overdue that maybe it's gone down, with all hands aboard.

John -- It's possible; though there have been rumors she's been sighted.

Town Crier -- (Voice in distance) Fog lifting -- Whaleship EMILY MORGAN in harbor, --docking at Straight Wharf -- Hear Ye --

Charles (Excitedly) Listen, Cousin John, he said the EMILY MORGAN ! Docking at Straight Wharf -- Rowly'll be home--Rowly's home !

John -- Thee cannot be sure yet, Charles -- he may not be aboard.

Charles -- But, but-- why not?

John -- He could have been lost at sea, -- many are; -- thee must wait and see.

(Thomas, a small boy comes running in, out of breath)

Thomas -- Friend Macy -- Friend Macy -- the EMILY MORGAN'S in the harbor, with all hands aboard ! The Captain said so-- I was on the dock when the fog lifted -- and she's docking at Straight Wharf and someone said --"There's Rowly Macy" so I ran all the way to tell thee, Charles, thy brother is home !

John -- Thomas, thee is the first to tell us and good news it is. And thee must run to tell his mother, that thee may have the silver dollars, waiting on the mantle for the first to bring the news.

Thomas - (Running out) Thank thee, Friend Macy - I must
flax before any one else gets there.

(He exits)

(At same time Charles appeals to his father)

Charles - Can I go to the dock, father - may I?

John - Thee knows thee cannot be on a wharf when a ship docks,
thee would be in the way and might get hurt. Have pa-
tience. Rowly will be ashore soon and will stop here
on his way home, I presume likely.

Charles - Yes, father. (As he turns away he bumps into counter
and knocks over a box of pins.)

John - Now, see what thee has done! Thee must pick up every
one of them and there are a hundred.

Frothingham- (At the same time a fussily dressed man with a pa-
tronizing manner enters)
My name is Frothingham Phineas Frothingham of Boston,
I have recently bought the Coffin mansion on Main St.

John - I know who thee is.

Frothingham - Fancy that! I suppose nothing happens on this Island
that you natives don't know about !

John - It is our business to keep track of what's going on.

Frothingham - Were your forebears some of the early settlers?

John - The earliest ! -- great-great grandfather, Thomas Macy
was the first white man to settle on the Island, ^{in the} year 1659.

Frothingham - Indeed! - well my wife wanted me to pick up some pins.

Charles - (mutters) How'd she know I dropped 'em?

Frothingham - And I see you have pins, Mr. Macy but they're on the
floor, Ha, Ha! (Looking at Charles) - Young man do
you know the verse --

SCENE I

Thomas — (Running out) Thank thee, Friend Macy — I must flax, before any one else gets there.

(He exits)

(At the same time Charles appeals to John)

Charles — Can I go to the dock, —may I ?

John — Thee knows thee cannot be on the wharf when a ship docks, thee would be in the way and might get hurt. Have patience. Rowly will be ashore soon and will stop here on his way home, I presume likely.

Charles — I hope so ! (As he turns away, he bumps into counter and knocks over a box of pins.)

John — Now, see what thee has done !. Thee must pick up every one of them, and there are a hundred.

(At the same time a fussily dressed man with a patronizing manner enters)

Frothingham — My name is Frothingham, Phineas Frothingham, of Boston. I have recently bought the Coffin mansion on Main Street.

John — I knows thee.

Frothingham — Fancy that ! I suppose nothing happens on this Island that you natives don't know about !

John — It is our business to keep track of what's going on.

Frothingham — Were your forebears some of the early settlers ?

John — The earliest ! — great-great-grandfather, Thomas Macy was the first white man to settle on the Island in the year 1659.

SCENE I

Froth. — You don't say ? Do tell about it !

(Frothingham picks up a magazine and starts looking through the pages, scarcely listening to John)

John — It was out Dionis way, where they landed, — in an open boat. He had wife and children with him, and a boy named Coleman and two men named Starbuck and Folger. They stayed the summer after signing a treaty with the Indians. Peter Folger knew these Indians, he'd been over here before from the Vineyard, and could talk their language.

(Froth. — not really hearing, still looks at magazine)

Froth. — Think of that !

(John, absorbed in his tale doesn't notice Froth's inattention.)

John — Yes, well, Tom Macy must have liked it here 'cause they built a sod dwelling, it's thought, and he and his family stayed in it that first winter. Preferred it to Salisbury on the Mainland, anyway, — where he'd been publicly reprimanded for harboring some Quakers. Took 'em into his house out of the rain, so the tale goes, and maybe kept them overnight.

Froth. — (Vaguely) Dear, dear !

Macy — Yes, reprimanded by the Town-Fathers for doing a Christian deed ! Came to this Island hoping there'd be more tolerance, and became one of the ten Proprietors to own the Island, him and Tristram Coffin and some others. And as it turned out later on, preachers of the Friend's, the Quaker Society, came over here and converted most everybody —

(Froth. has put down magazine and heard the end of John's discourse.)

Froth — And by now you Quakers run the whole Island, and are pretty good at it, I'd say ! Well, my wife wanted me to pick up some pins.

Charles — (Still on floor) How'd she know I dropped 'em ?!

Froth — I see you have pins, Mr. Macy, but they're on the floor, Ha-Ha !

(Looking at Charles) Young man, do you know the verse —

Frothingham - Continued-- "See a pin and pick it up.
All the day you'll have good luck--
See a pin and leave it lie,
You'll want that pin before you die.
Ha, Ha, Ha!

John - How many pins does thee wish?

Frothingham - Well, that depends -- on how much they cost. *yeast.*

John - They are five pence.

Frothingham - A piece? Five pence a piece for a plain pin? Why
in Boston you--

John - Thee pays five pence also.

Frothingham - Not any more, my man. But, of course, on this isolated
Island you can't have heard of the latest inventions on
the Continent. Someone named Howe has made a pin-making
machine which turns them out by the thousands and sells
them for tuppence a hundred. You should look into the
matter.

John - That is correct - two cents a hundred, and they're worth
no more, I stocked them six months ago and my customers
brought them back and demanded the hand-made kind. We
are not so isolated as thee imagines, Friend Frothingham.

Frothingham - Fancy that! Well, I will take a dozen pins, and my wife
would like a copy of the new "Godey's Ladies Book" and
two spools of white cotton, numbers fifty and sixty, and
I'll have the Boston Gazette, ~~though I imagine all the~~
~~news will be quite stale since it takes a day and a half~~
~~to reach the Island~~ That will be all Mister, -- er -- I mean
Friend Macy. I understand you Quakers never address anyone
as Mr. and Mrs. but always Friend So-and-So. ~~Yes~~ A jolly
custom, makes folk feel clubby, then they purchase more.

Froth. - Smart Idea! - Friend Mac y and Friend Frothingham, Sounds quite brotherly!

John - The Lord considers us brothers in Heaven, therefore it behooves us to consider each other brothers on earth, - no matter how great a ~~tax~~ ^{pay out} on our imagination.

(Frothingham ignores the point of this barb.)

Frothingham And how much is the ~~cost~~ ^{cost of} of my purchases?

(Macy has collected the articles and folded them in a piece of paper with no string)

Macy - One dollar and twenty-five cents - Friend Frothingham.

Frothingham - (exploding with indignation)
What?! A dollar and twenty-five cents for these few piffling items? Why on the Continent --

John - But thee is not on the Continent.

Frothingham - Yes, yes --but I feel sure, Friend Macy, if you were dealing with some of your own Sect, the price would be very different.

John - We Friends have only one price for our merchandise. Our Leader, George Fox, has protested that any method of bargaining or changing prices to fit the pocket-book of the customer, as is the custom of the "World's People" is deceitful and unfair.

Frothingham - (Bored by the long explanation)
Very well then, let me have the articles and charge them to my wife.

John - It also is my custom to have no charge accounts.

Frothingham - No charge accounts! Absurd! you loose business that way, my good man! Why, in Boston all good dry-goods stores---

John - But here, in Nantucket, my customers can greet me on Main Street with a clear conscience. No one is in debt to John Macy.

Frothingham - Well, I just may have the change -- (Counting out money)
But, you'd never get along with such policies in Boston,
You'd soon learn to cater to the public's wishes.

(he all but snatches parcel from John)

Not even any string for the parcels!

(Articles fall on the floor)

Just what I was saying--not in the least accommodating!

(John picks up the articles, first he hands Frothingham spools of cotton which he stuffs in his pocket, then the pins which are stuck in a paper, and which Froth. takes quickly and sticks himself, saying,) "Ouch".

Frothingham - Your pins have sharp points, I'll say that for them.

Frothingham - No bargaining! No charge accounts! No string!

Bah! Good-day Friend Macy!

(He stalks out the front door. In the doorway he meets three pretty Nantucket maidens and manages to take off his hat and bow to them courteously)

(The girls cast down their eyes shyly under their coal-scuttle bonnets)

Patience - (Whispers to Pricilla)
He must be one of the "World's People" -- he took off his hat to us.

Deborah - (At the same time excitedly to John) Friend Macy,
thy cousin
is it true--we heard on Main Street that Rowly was tied up at Straight Wharf,-- that is, I mean The EMILY MORGAN is tied up at the wharf? And Rowly's aboard! (The girls giggle) -- Has thee heard?

John -- Yes, we have heard and we presume likely Rowly is among the crew.

Priscilla -- And more of our school-mates -- Dick Hussey and Peter Coffin !

John -- Would thee wish to make a purchase, Deborah?

Deborah -- No -- that is -- Well yes, I'll take a spool of black silk thread, thank thee, -- Does thee think Rowly will stop here at the shop on his way home--?

(Deborah makes the purchase. Phebe, Rowley's small sister, comes in running and out of breath)

Phebe -- Mother says to send Rowly right home if he stops at the shop. She has started to mix a cake,-- Rowley'll be hungry,-- and to put the bread to rise. She can't leave now, and she's going to kill two chickens, and --

(Singing of sea-chanty is heard in distance)

Patience -- Isn't that men singing ?

Priscilla -- It must be some of the crew !

(Charles runs out door quickly)

Deborah -- Please, Friend Macy, may we wait here to see if it's Rowley and our school-mates ?

John -- (At his desk) Thee may wait.

(Girls giggle and straighten bonnets, etc.)

Phebe -- Cousin John, will I know which one is Rowley ? I was four when he left and I can't remember what he looks like.

(Charles rushes in excitedly)

Charles -- It is Rowley, I'm sure, and two others of the crew and they turned up Fair Street !

(Singing comes nearer, the chanty "Cape Cod Girls" or "Blow ye Winds ")

(John turns slowly from his desk as three sea-men come into doorway wearing dark blue pea-)

SCENE I

(jackets and dark trousers. They all carry their sea bags and Rowland Macy, in center, also has several large parcels. The singing has stopped and Rowland takes a long look around the shop before dropping his bundles and starting across to his Cousin, who meets him half-way. They embrace, in man-fashion and stand looking at each other.

John -- (Affectionately and proudly) Thee has grown Rowley-- Thee is a man now.

Rowley -- Thee can't know how good it is to see thee again, Cousin John !
It all looks the same around here ! And, what of mother and father ?

John -- Thy mother thrives. Still busy at her kettle-halyards. She's been counting the days for thy return. And thy father is Master of the coaster " Alice Bunker" out of Boston, on her way to Baltimore right now. He'll be home soon, again.

(Meanshile, the other crewmen, Richard Hussey and Peter Coffin, have crossed to the girls and greet them happily)

Peter -- Why, it is Prudence !

Richard -- By golly -- I remember Patience.

(Girls are shy but pleased.)
(At the same time, Phebe tugs at Rowley's trousers and Charles tries to get his attention)

Rowley -- (Looking down at Phebe) Great Flukes ! Can this be Phebe ?

(He picks her up and embraces her)

Charles -- And I'm thy brother, Charles.

Rowley -- By the Great Horned Spoon ! Thee's ready to go to sea, thee's so tall, -- Cousin John, thee remembers my shipmates, Richard Hussey and Peter Coffin ? We've been friends around the Horn, and to China and back !

John -- (Turning to the girls) And Rowley, here are some of thy schoolmates, Patience and Prudence Starbuck.

Rowley -- Prudence and Patience, I wouldn't have known you ! (They greet)

John -- And Deborah --

Rowly — (Quickly, showing obvious interest)

To be sure— I remember Deborah ! I am just taken aback at what a grown up lady she has become.

Deborah — After four years, Rowley Hussey Macy, did thee still think to find me in pigtails ?

Richard — We'll be on our way to our homes, Friend Macy.

Peter — Yes, or our families will imagine we were lost overboard.

Patience— We'll walk with you — as far as the corner.

Priscilla — Yes,— we want to hear all about the voyage.

Richard — That will take longer to tell than to the corner. See you soon, Friend Macy.

Peter — Glad to be aboard, Friend Macy, "The Little Gray Lady" looks good to us, I can tell you !

Prudence &

Patience — Good-bye, Rowley— glad you're home.

Charles &

Phebe — We'll go tell mother thee is coming, Hurry up, Phebe !

(They all leave)

John — Rowley, I'm closing shop, in honor of thy return — First time since Aunt Hepzibah's funeral. Maybe thee did not hear, she passed away, at ninety, in Third Month, last year. But, first, I must take the cash box to the bank, so keep shop, Rowley, as thee did before.

(Has been putting on coat from peg by door)

John — (With an eye on Deborah) Don't encourage the customers to linger.

Rowley — But I don't know the stock ! What'll I do if any customers come ---?

John — Sell them something, to be sure, everything's marked.

Scene I

John - (as he crosses to door, almost stumbles over Rowly's oriental looking parcels, wrapped in burlap, with Chinese lettering on them)
What are these heathen-looking bundles thee has brought home?

Rowly - Merchandise from the Orient, teas and silks, from Canton, for thee to sell.

John - Who would come to buy teas and silks at a Notion Shop? Thee is daft!

Rowly - If the Town-Crier spreads the news they'll come. Folk will go anywhere for things they want.

John - (As he leaves) We'll see. We'll see.

Rowly - (Starting to unwrap bundles)
I'll show them to thee, Deborah, thee'll appreciate them.

Deborah- (Has taken a long look at Rowly admiringly)
Thee's changed a lot, Rowly, thee has grown mast-head high and--and handsome.

(He looks up quickly and she turns away coyly)
Oh, don't think me too bold, Mother always says a sea voyage improves a man.

Rowly - (Laughing) I presume likely there was plenty of room for improvement with me.

(Rolling out a bolt of handsome silk)

Look, Deborah--isn't it fine quality, all the way from the other side of the Pacific Ocean.

Deborah - How lovely! What a pretty dress it'll make--for one of the World's People.

(Deborah has notice a large red star tattooed on Rowly's arm as he rolled out the silk)

Deborah - Why, Rowly, what's this? A star tattooed on thy arm? Is thee tattooed other places?!

(Leaning over he teasingly)

Rowly - What over places?!

Scene I

Deborah - (Turns away pretending to be shocked)
Rowland Macy--thee is wicked! I don't know what thee means!
I only know that Prudence Burnell found, after she and Joshua were married, that he had a naked female tattoed on his chest.

Rowly - Great Flukes! I missed something. I only have this star here on my arm.

Deborah - Why a star?

Rowly - For luck! The bright red star, Arcturus, shining through fog one night, when I was at the wheel, helped me to navigate when the Captain was bellowing at me to keep the ship on its course. So I decided I'd stick to that star and at the next port had it tattoed there so I'd never forget.

(Rowly hands her a smaller parcel)

Here, Deborah, here is a present I brought for thee.

Deborah - What is it? The scrimshaw thee promised?

(She unroll a bright Chinese head-dress and is obviously disappointed)

Oh--I guessed it would be something of whale ivory thee had carved on the long voyage, to while-away the time, when, perhaps, thee might have been thinking of thy schoolmate.

Rowly - I thought of thee plenty, Deborah, but I did no carving at sea.

Deborah - If thee carved no fancy pieces like the other men, how did thee spend thy spare time?

Rowly - When I wasn't mending barrell-staves and the like I worked at figures for Captain Clark. Got out of a lot of hard labor by doing his figures,--keeping track of food stocks and the like.

Deborah - (With slight disgust) Store Keeping--even at sea? Well,

Scene I

Deb. - I must start on my errands, Thy father said the customers were not to linger.

Rowly - (Laughingly) Don't mind father!

Deborah - But I dare not stay on any longer.

Rowly - But--great flukes, why not? I see no rush of customers.

Deborah - The Elders will not think it discreet--the two of us--alone.

Rowly - (Takes her hand boyishly) I had forgotten about the Elders, and what they might say. You didn't hear much talk of them at sea'. I'm only a rough sailor now, but still it does my heart good just to look at a pretty girl!

Deborah - (Looking away coyly) Thee always was a tease, Rowly Macy! Thee used to run off and hide my school-books in the bushes, and tell me they were lost--remember?

Rowly - And thee'd pretend to believe me! But Nancy Codd, she'd always cry when I hid hers. Now's Nancy,--grown up too, of course--?

Deborah - And married! She and Zeb Coffin stood-up-in-Meeting when he came back after his first voyage. He came back a harpooner. Thee's not yet a harpooner, is thee, Rowly?

Rowly - Not I! It's a bloody business--harpooning is!

Deborah - But--it's so brave! Several of us girls have taken a vow not to marry a man until he's harpooned his first whale. (Coy again) Thee'll likely become a harpoonier on thy next voyage, won't thee Rowly? (pause) When will that be? (pause) Does thee expect to sail again soon?

Rowly - There'll be no next voyage for me.

Deborah - What does thee say?

Rowly - I have no wish to follow the sea.

Deborah - (Incredulous) Thee'll Not be a harpoonier--not a Nantucket whaleman? What ails thee, Rowly Macy?

Rowly - Nothing that I know of. I just don't favor tossing about the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for the rest of my days.

Deborah - (Obviously dissappointed) What would thee favor doing, then?

Rowly - I presume likely keeping a shop.

Deborah - A shop-keeper? When thee could sail off as Master of thy own vessel someday?

Rowly - Aye - But even when your're master, whaling is a dirty business,--blubber, stench, ugly fights, terrible seas or monotonous calms, weeks on end nothing but water to look at. Yes, it's dirty and dull.

Deborah - But where is there any adventure or excitement standing behind a counter in Nantucket?

Rowly - I'll not stay here, in Nantucket. ~~That's certain!~~ No. I'll be going to the Mainland, --Boston, like as not, and I'll not stay behind / ^{someone else's} counter long! Not I! I'm going to have my own shop.

Deborah - (Not impressed) That'll be nice, I presume likely.

Rowly - I'll do all the buying and planning and there's plenty of excitement and adventure in that! Traveling to far places to select curios and silks like these. Why, in this new country of ours there's a market for everything! More and more people land here every day. They've come to a new land; Some of them go West; I might even go West, too, but they'll all need new things! Small things--large things--china--chairs--shoes--silks--

Rowly -- sheets for the beds--clothes for the new babies--shawls--
con't. bonnets for young and old--scissors to cut the silk and
cotton cloth and the scrim they'll hang at their windows
in their new homes, where the women can sit in the sun
and sew with new needles and thread. They must have homes
that's why they've come so far,--for a home of their own--
where they can live in peace-- And there must be someone
to sell them the things! Why there's opportunity aplenty
and it is exciting!

Deborah - (Not convinced) Yes, well,--that's as thee sees it. But
there's no danger in that sort of life, and there's nothing
like a man being in danger to keep him fit and make a girl
look up to him! And, as mother says, you can get along
with a man a lot better if he's away three years than if
he's home for three meals a day!

Rowly - (laughing) That's as thee sees it.

Deborah- - I must be stirring, I have to whick-whack up and down Main
Street, in and out of hum-ārum shops, dull, to be sure,--
but that's all a woman's good for. If I were a man, Rowly
Macy, thee'd not find me in a shop, in front or back of a
counter!

(She has adjusted her bonnet and shawl and
started for door)

Rowly - (Amused and a little perturbed)
Thy present -- thee is forgetting it.

(Looks at her admiringly)

Deborah - Thank thee for the present. Thee'll do well, I feel sure,
but--thee may regret someday thee did not hold to thy star,
and remain a Nantucket whaleman!

(She flounces out the door)

Rowly - (Looking after her, he clasps his arm marked with the
red star)
Great Flukes! My star'll bring me luck just the same!
I'll show her! I'll be a merchant prince--like the Mandarins
in China. I'll buy and sell to the whole country!

(He stalks back and forth excitedly)

(John enters, looks at Rowly wonderingly)

John -- Well, Rowly, has thee sold anything yet?

Rowly -- (Still lost in his dream)
No--but I will--you wait and see! ^{Someday,} I'll be selling to the
whole world.

(John stares at him bewildered)

CURTAIN

Time -- About six months later.

Place -- The Ralph Thornton's sitting room in Boston

Setting-- In 2 half-stage. The painted back-drop has two windows. A rocker is in front of each, and a table between windows. The side wings each have a door-way, (same wings as in former scenes)
Tea things are laid out on table, there is a mirror and table left, ~~etc.~~

(at curtain Louisa Thornton,--a pretty girl with her hair in curls and wearing a fussily pretty dress, sits at window crocheting and poses herself expectantly coy, first in one chair and then crossing to opposite chair, repeats her actions. In midst of this last pose she hears outside door close--off Right--holding her pose until after her brother Ralph Thornton has entered. Ralph gives her a look--then crosses to table by door Left, where he places his cane, hat and gloves) When she sees he is alone, she looks surprised and disappointed.

Ralph -- What ails you, Louisa?

Louisa -- (Crestfallen) Oh!--Why, nothing. That is--well, I was surprised you were alone, brother.

Ralph -- Why shouldn't I be?
(He is straightening his tie, etc, in mirror)

Louisa -- Well --you did say, this morning, you'd bring Mr. Macy home with you if he came by the store.

Ralph -- After you had made me promise I would! -- Well-- He came by, all right! But he excused himself--

Louisa -- (More crestfallen) Oh, he did?!

Ralph -- He had an errand-- But he did say he would come along later if he wasn't delayed too long.

(has crossed to chair Left of table where he sits, *with newspaper*)

You haven't gone and laid out tea things for him, I trust?

What will that uncouth young whaleman do with a dish of tea?

You're off your noodle.

Louisa -- He knows all about tea--he purchased it in Canton,--And at any rate--he's not uncouth.

Ralph -- (Pulls one chair away from tea table nearer widow and opens up his paper.
Be that as it may--you won't find him much interested in imbibing a tame drink like tea. That's for female tabbies.
How's Mathilda, ~~she~~?

Louisa -- (Indifferently) She's had a headache all day. I think she's asleep right now.

Ralph -- (Shaking his head) Poor Mattie--if it isn't her head it's her back! Not much chance of a man getting any dinner around here with an ailing wife and a lovesick sister!

Louisa -- Lovesick indeed! I'm no such thing! -- I'll start dinner--only--if Mr. Macy should come soon---then---

Ralph -- Humph! -- Your're as persistant in angling for Macy as he is in pursuing me for a position in the store.

Louisa -- Shame on you,-- How you do go on!
(After a pause--shy and reluctantly--speaks slowly)
Ralph,--why don't you give him a position ?

Ralph -- (While reading) Why should I?

Louisa -- Well-- he's a personable young man--you said so, yourself!

Ralph -- (He looks at her and then at the tea-table)
So that's it -- You think if he has a position he's more likely to propose! (He chuckles) You women!

Louisa -- You men! -- So suspicious. I just thought it would be nice if he worked for you,--and -- well-- he did mention, the other day, that when he had a position he wanted to settle down and, -- and well--

Ralph -- I'm not so sure he is the settling-down kind,--Besides what experience has he had? I ought to know more about a young man that I employ.

Louisa - What about the letter of introduction he brought from that merchant friend of yours in Nantucket? Didn't it say he was an honest Quaker boy--and

Ralph -- (Still trying to read his paper)
Anyhow--I'm not sure my business warrants taking on another clerk.

Louisa -- (Louisa slowly dissolves in tears)
That's just an excuse--you don't want me to be happy--you're not like most brothers--you never think of me--nobody does-- I'm alone in the world--and after a girl's twenty and doesn't have any beaux, she'll never get married. (She wails)
I'm twenty-two!

Ralph -- (Putting down his paper--looks at her, irritated)
There --there--not tears again--please! No one can say I haven't been a good brother to you!

Louisa -- (She goes on crying) I never go to parties or meet young men--Mattie's always sick--and you're always busy. There's no one to chaperone me--and I'll just cook and sew for the rest of my life and die an old-maid!

Ralph -- (Exasperated) There's no guarantee this young buck will marry you if I do hire him!
(She cries longer and louder) (Door-bell, off-right)
(Ralph throws down his paper and strides across to door)

Louisa -- Oh-- Oh dear!-- If it's he!-- My face!
(She darts off, Left door)

Ralph -- (At door as he ushers in Rowland Macy)
Come right in, Rowland--this way--my sister and I were just--
(He looks around--not finding Louisa)

Ralph
cont'd.-- Well, she's frown the coop! She's shy. You know how girls
are! Sit down--don't stand on ceremony.

Macy -- Thank you, sir. (He sits down--right)

Ralph -- (Opening door calls off- Left)
Louisa--Louisa!-- The young man you've been waiting for is
here.

(Turns and looks at Rowly--who looks away
embarrassed. Ralph becomes embarrassed--
clears his throat and sits in same chair
as before. They both stare into space
for a second.)

Macy -- (Finally trying to think of something to say--stutters)
Is Mrs. Thornton about? --That is--how is Mrs. Thornton's
health?

Ralph -- Oh--Mattie's about the same--always about the same--not very
strong.

Macy -- That's too bad--
(another awkward pause)

Ralph -- (After glancing off stage in direction of Louisa)
You're still interested in the dry-goods business, I take it,
young man?

Macy -- Yes, I am, sir.

Ralph -- Had any offers yet?

Macy -- (After a short pause--as he decides to lie a little)
As a matter of fact--I just now saw a man--and he'll take
me on as a clerk next week, if--

Ralph -- (Looking up surprised) That so?! Well--Well--Has he a
good trade? High class place?

Macy -- I don't think it has the trade that your shop has, sir.

Ralph -- If they're able to offer you what I pay my clerk, they'd
have to be doing a pretty good business.

Macy -- You see, I don't know what you pay your clerks, Mr. Thornton?

Ralph -- \$6.00 per week--that's as good a salary as you can get in
Boston.

Macy -- Well--this man did offer me seven--but I don't think much of his location and--

Ralph -- Well--tell you what I'll do--if six dollars will suit you, I think I can find a place for you. When we last talked I hadn't decided whether to take on any one else just yet--but now I find a man is needed. (Looks in direction of where Louisa went out) To be sure--you have not had any experience.

Macy -- Oh yes, sir--in my ^{cousin's} ~~shop~~ shop--for the last six months.

Ralph -- That's in Nantucket.

Macy -- Yes, In Nantucket--

Ralph -- But this is Boston--!

Macy -- But, sir Nantucket has as big a whaling trade as Boston and there's a good deal of merchandise sold there. And since I've been in Boston I've gone nearly everyday to the whole-sale auctions and I think I could pick up some bargains for you and--

Ralph -- Don't buy at auction--too risky--and besides-- you have to pay cash.--No--I deal with the regular wholesale houses, have one or two where they know me--my credit's good--that's the way I do business.

Macy -- We Quakers always pay cash and sell for cash--so I've gotten to thinking that way--but I can learn your way--. I want to learn everything about the dry goods business--wholesale, retail--buying--selling--everything!

Ralph -- Good--good--that's the right idea!

Macy -- Someday I want to have a shop of my own. Maybe, if you wanted to branch out later on, and I prove useful and competent, you would let me take over one of your branches.

Ralph -- One thing at a time, young man,--better get started first--learn the ropes--before you begin talking about taking over.

Macy -- Oh--yes, sir, of course--and I didn't mean I'd want to take over your business, and I'm surely grateful to you for this opportunity.--and I want to do all I can to help your business grow. A healthy business has to grow, I know, and--

Ralph -- Yes, yes--well--, come along next week--start Monday morning--7:30 on Monday's to sweep out the store. Now I'll go tell Louisa, (rises and crosses Left) your're here--I thought she heard me call before--oh--here she is--yes--and of all things she's got a pot of tea (laughs over-heartily). Now your're in for it young man--got to sip tea from a saucer like a spinster!

Louisa -- (Very coy) Oh Ralph, how you do go on!

Ralph -- Good luck to you, young fellow

(He exits -- Left)

Louisa -- Mr. Macy.--It's pleasant to have a call from you, I didn't expect you--that is Ralph,--said he would try to persuade you to come home with him--so I didn't brew the tea, until you had arrived.

(Indicates Macy to sit)

Macy -- That was nice of thee!

Louisa -- (Giggling) There you go--with your Quakerisms!-- I have to Laugh! You sound so quaint!

Macy -- (Slightly abashed) Quaint ? -- Well--you wouldn't have thought there was anything quaint about any of us Friends on the crew of the EMILY MORGAN -- It's just our custom to say thee--

Scene II

Louisa -- Oh--I think it's a fascinating custom--simply fascinating!
And I didn't mean to laugh! There, I feel sure a discerning
Quaker Gentleman, like yourself, will enjoy a cup of the de-
light^{ful} beverage that has become so popular with us ladies, in
spite of Brother Ralph's scoffing.

(She puts a cup and saucer and another small
plate beside him on the table. She picks up her
own cup and saucer and pours tea into the saucer--
putting cup on small cup plate and then starts
sipping tea from saucer. He picks up his cup and
starts drinking)

Oh--Mr. Macy--you'll burn yourself if you drink it out of
the cup!

Macy -- That's the way the Chinese drink it.

Louisa -- Oh--but they're heathens! We always let it cool first in
the saucer--those little plates are for the cup--

Macy -- Oh--cup-plates--eh--now that's a bright idea--and makes
additional plates to sell in a set.

(He picks up cup plate and turns it over looking
for marking)

This Haviland China gets a good price even at auction now--
a-days. I saw sets the other day--just over from England--
they were asking twenty dollars the set, wholesale, and
if 20 per cent profit could be made on them---

Louisa-- (Not very interested) Really? --Now, you can't refuse a
cookie,--Oh take more than one--I baked them myself.

He takes ~~three~~^{two} cookies she has passed to him)
Ralph says I've learned to be a good cook since coming to live
with them--He says I'd make a good wife for someone! -- He's
such a tease!

(Rowly sits thinking and eating cookies first
from one hand and then the other)

Louisa -- A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Macy? And I'll wager
continued they're worth it!

Macy -- (Still far away) By Flukes,--I was thinking of several
ideas I'd like to work out in your brother's dress-goods
shop, now that I'm to be one of his clerks.

Louisa -- (She nearly chokes on her tea)
Oh--Oh my--! So--he went and hired you after all!

Macy -- After all what ?

Louisa -- (Embarrassed) Oh--Just After all. (She giggles)

Macy -- Well, I think it's bully of him to give me this chance. And
if I can persuade him to let me do some buying for him at
auction, why I know I can save him a pile of money.

(Louisa has risen and crossed Left to mirror
where she preens a bit thinking her own thoughts
and not really listening to what he is saying)

Louisa -- (absent-mindedly) Of course. (pause) (Still at mirror)
And now that you are to become one of the family, as it
were (Coyly) you understand we always think of the store
employees and our household as one big happy family, why
you must feel free to come to see us as often as ever you
like.--

(crosses over near him by the table)

Won't you, Mr. Macy?

(She drops her handkerchief between them)

Macy -- How about calling me Rowly? --I'll feel much more at home
if thee would--

(He looks at her shyly--and then looks away seeing
the handkerchief)

Oh -- you dropped your handkerchief--

(As he stoops over she does also and flicks aside her skirt showing her ankle. He catches sight--then hands handkerchief to her--their eyes meet. He rises--showing he is definitely intrigued)

Louise -- (Tossing her curls coyly) Thank you, Rowly, and you may call me Louisa--

Macy -- Louisa! That's a right nice name--it's not like any of the Quaker names at home--but it's pretty,--like-- like thee, -- Louisa!

Louisa -- (Hangs her head coyly) Oh Rowly!

Macy -- Thee is so pretty Louisa--thee makes me feel the way I did when I'd be on watch, and the dawn would come, all pink and----(he is at a loss for words)

Louisa -- (Moves closer to him as if she were going to let him kiss her.
You are such a flatterer, Rowly Macy, you can't really mean that! (She comes closer)

Macy -- But, I do-- (He starts as if to kiss her)

(As Rowly leans over Louisa--Ralph's voice comes from off left)

Ralph -- (off stage) --Louisa! --I've put the potatoes on to boil. You start the meat as soon as you can!

(Louisa and Rowly move apart)

Louisa -- (Goes to door and calls off stage)
Yes, brother--I'll be there in a minute.

Macy -- I must be going--

Louisa -- (Hurrying anxiously to his side)
Oh, No--please don't go--that is, yet--just as we're becoming better acquainted. The dinner can wait. It's always "Louisa do this" or "Louisa do that" I really have a hard life here, at the beck and call of a sick

sister-in-law and a brother who won't do anything for me! Sometimes I feel quite desperate--I've no one to turn to--. I cry my heart out all by myself.

Macy -- You poor little girl.

Louisa -- Do sit down again, and have another cookie--?

(She almost pushes him into chair and he eats another cookie)

you know Rowly, I have a feeling you're going to be a big success as a dry goods clerk. I can see you smiling at all the ladies and making so many new friends. Why some of us old friends will be very jealous. And I suppose---

(She swings her ankle back and forth so he can't help noticing)

Well--now that you have this position you'll be thinking about settling down.

Macy -- Yes-- I feel it the duty of every man to settle down as soon as possible and raise a family, don't you?

Louisa -- (Coyly) It wouldn't be maidenly for me to advise you on that matter would it -- ?

Macy -- Well -- it takes two to raise a family, doesn't it--?

Louisa -- (Embarrassed) --Well--yes--

Macy -- (Awkwardly)--Well, yes, of course, \$6.00 a week isn't a big salary, but I can save a little each week--and two can live as cheaply as one, they say--. (Looks up at her) To be sure, I don't know how you feel about me, but I think an awful lot of you--, and if--after I've saved up enough, and if I asked thee, why, would you stand-up-in-Meeting with me, Louisa--? Would thee?

- Louisa -- (Speaks slowly--puzzled by what he means)
"Stand-up-in-Meeding with you"? Oh, Rowly--does that
mean to become engaged?
- Macy -- No--that means getting married, as you say. --I forgot
thee was not a Friend--but if thee would consent--we could
be married in your church--I wouldn't mind--that is, we
can if you will say "Yes", when I ask you--do you think
you will, Louisa?
- Louisa -- Oh--Rowly. And you see, I couldn't actually say yes--
until I've asked my brother, he's my guardian, and I---
- Macy -- (Quickly) I know--but don't ask him yet--becuse, you see,
he said just now that I should take on one thing at a
time. So, maybe you better wait until after I've clerked
for him awhile.
- Louisa -- But--Rowly--we could be engaged in the meantime--couldn't
we--a secret engagement. It's so romantic.
- Macy -- To be sure! Why not? I've no intention of going back on
my word. Has thee?
- Louisa -- Oh no, Rowly.
- Macy -- But thee has not given me thy word, Louisa.
- Louisa -- Oh--so I haven't -- well--you may think me too easily won
if I say yes now.
- Ralph -- (off stage) Louisa! The potatoes are boiled--hurry up
or we'll have no dinner!
- Macy -- Say-- yes--Louisa -- and I'll go in a hurry -- if your
brother catches me still here he may not like it.
- Louisa -- (Sidling up to him) Oh-- Rowly--You're so persuasive!
I can't resist a fine strong man like you--I do say--
yes--Rowly.

Macy -- (In a matter of fact sort of way, ignoring her obvious
play for a kiss)

Fine--that's Jim Dandy--Now I'll go, -- on the double-
Quick!

(He crosses for his hat and stalks out quickly, Right)
(Louisa--is left feeling a little flat--but she
begins to dance about the stage as Ralph calls)

Ralph -- Louisa-- Where's the bread?

CURTAIN

Time-- Three years later --1847

Place-- The office of the President of the
Mercantile Bank at Haverhill, Mass.

Setting--At Right, a desk, with chair facing it and
another chair down-stage.
Door-Left can have insert of simulated glass
with lettering "Zebidiah Osgood, President"
Calendar over the desk shows the date of
October 2, 1847

(When curtain rises Edwin Parker sits at side of desk
facing the banker. Parker is a middle-aged business-
man, with a tight-lipped, sour expression on his face
as he tensely argues with Zebidiah Osgood, who is a
keen-eyed, calculating old man of seventy.)

Parker---- (Pounding desk) I tell you, Zebidiah Osgood, that Quaker
upstart, Macy, who's come here from Boston, is under-
selling us all and trying to put us ^{Haverhill} Dry-Goods Merchants
out of business. I'm telling you--something's got to
be done about him !

Osgood -- Well, young feller, what do you figure I can do about it?
Ride him out of town on a ^{Rail} ?!

Parker -- There's a great deal you can do about it, Mr. Osgood,
and we know it !

Osgood -- (Trying to size up the situation)
~~don't calculate what you mean, Ed Parker.~~ Don't beat about
^{Ed. Parker!} the bush! If you've anything important on your mind spit
it out!

Parker -- (Sputters) Important! !
(Shakes in Osgood's face the newspaper he clutches)
Just wait until I read you this! After it came out in the
Morning Gazette, Abel Porter, Ebenezer Ames and myself, and
you'll have to admit we're the three most prominent merchants
of Haverhill,--well, After we read this, we decided something
Had to be done!

Osgood -- All right--read away!

Parker -- It's headed --(he reads)-- "Haverhill Cheap Store -- Dry Goods-- R.H. Macy, Proprietor" -- (he clears his throat)
"One or two Dry Goods Merchants in this town are in the habit of taking advantage of my one price system in this manner.-- Knowing I have but one price, and finding customers are determined to deal with me, they, as a last resort, tell the customers to get my price and they will sell the same article for less. I wish customers to distinctly understand from this time forward, that I will sell the article in question so low as to put all competition about that article at rest". There--what do you make of that?!

Osgood -- (Chuckling) Smart trick, if he can get away with it!

Parker -- That's not the way to run the retail dry goods business, that's not fair trade!

Osgood -- Free competition-- that's our American system, ain't it?!
There's nothing unfair, as I see it, about a man underselling his competitors. He either goes broke--or puts you out of business.

Parker -- That's the point! If he can hang on long enough he will put us out of business. But, we know from good authority, that he can't keep going from now until Christmas unless, and this is where you come in, Mr. Osgood, -- unless he gets a loan.

Osgood -- (Quizically) Loan -- Oh!

Parker -- We know he's tried everyone else, and now we got wind that you were about to let him have a sizable loan,-- and we don't like it !

Osgood -- Been running this bank without advice from you merchants for quite a spell, young feller !

Parker -- (Placatingly) I know that, Mr. Osgood, and it's not our intention to interfere with your business. Only, we know you have the welfare of Haverhill at heart -- you always have had, and---

Osgood -- (Sarcastically) Now that's right smart of you to figure that out, Parker.-- But you see, the trouble is, I already looked into this matter and found young Macy's books are in order, and that He's got some darned good Quaker notions about retailing, and if he can keep on bringing dependable goods to Haverhill and sell it cheaper, why I don't see why ---

Parker-- (Exploding) By gad, Osgood, if that's the way you feel about it, then we have recourse to only one action! It's not what we want to do--not by a long shot!---But Porter, Ames and I have decided that if this loan goes through we'll have to move our accounts to the National Bank in Lawrence.

Osgood -- So that's the story, eh?

Parker -- My account stands at 30,000 dollars -- no small sum, and Ames ---

Osgood -- Ames got 27,503 dollars in the bank right now and Porter-- he's only got 18,604 to date ---

Parker -- Just the same, between us -- that's a sizable sum. Why, by cricky, we been banking here with you since we were boys! You took the pennies from my toy bank when I was ten

Parker -- (continuing) and started my account---

Osgood -- Yep -- and you ain't spent a cent from it, you haven't had to, since !

Parker-- (sputtering) Now look here, Mr. Osgood, I didn't expect to be insulted when I came to consult the President of the Haverhill Mercantile!

(Rises in a huff)

I may not carry the weight that your years entitle you to, Mr. Osgood, but I've been a reputable merchant in this town for nearly thirty years and I --

(Knock on door)

Osgood -- (Relieved at interruption)
Come in --

(Door opens and Rowland Macy stands in doorway, hat in hand, he is more mature looking than when we last saw him, but to cover up his awkwardness in the presence of older men he blusters through his greeting)

Macy -- How-de-do Mr. Osgood. And, well, if it isn't Mr. Parker! We don't often meet face to face, but we do salute each other in the news columns, don't we? How'd you like my announcement this morning?

(Jovially he turns to Osgood)

I challenged him and the others, Mr. Osgood !

Parker -- (More irritated than ever, shakes his fist under Macy's nose)
Challenged?! You threatened us! And you'll be sorry you ever threatened the merchants of Haverhill, you young upstart !

(Bows curtly to Osgood)

Good day, Mr. Osgood !

(Parker stalks out quickly. Macy turns, surprised, and watches him out. Osgood is quietly chuckling to himself, but his expression hardens into seriousness as he motions Macy to sit down)

Macy --- (With a puzzled look, as he sits)
Mr. Parker don't seem over pleased, does he?

(Macy sits in chair indicated)

Hope I didn't interrupt, but you told me to come this morning, Mr. Osgood, about the loan-- So, here I am! And I won't waste any of your time before getting down to brass tacks--so to speak! (laughs a little) Have all my figures right here--took stock this week-- find I have \$3,700 dollars worth of goods.

(slight pause as he waits for Osgood to speak)
From what I understood you to say last week, that will be enough collateral for the loan I asked for.

Osgood -- (Who has been absorbed in his own thoughts)
How's that, young feller--?

Macy -- I was saying, Mr. Osgood, that I presumed likely my \$3,700 dollars worth of stock would cover a loan of \$3,000.

Osgood -- Likely it would---likely it would! But money's tight--

Macy --- But, Mr. Osgood---

Osgood -- You see, young feller, you don't make enough profit not to be considered a risk, and a bank has to be particular about what risks it takes.

Macy --- But you said yourself, my low prices were good for trade here in Haverhill.

Osgood -- That's true enough.

Scene III

Macy -- I can't make big profits at such low prices! But, I can make a steady profit with a quick turnover, and by buying at auctions, and from importers direct,---that's how I keep prices down--only--it takes cash---and after the slump this summer, and with Parker and Ames and the others playing their cut-throat game, why I struck shoal water. But all I need now is help, until business picks up during the Christmas season---

Osgood--- Maybe, but there are other matters to consider---

Macy --- By Gad---before I came here to Haverhill the Dry Goods Business was done under the old-fogey system.

Osgood--- I don't dispute you---

Macy --- No regular price in their stores! The most ignorant customer the most imposed upon! Here I am, trying to make the Dry Goods---

Osgood --- You'll learn, in business---it's "dog eat dog"!

(takes a long breath)

I find I can't let you have that loan, Macy.

Macy --- (Taken a-back)

What --? What's that you say? But you promised---

Osgood -- Don't remember as I promised anything, Macy. Said I'd see what I could do, anyhow--I been forced by circumstances to change my mind.

(He gives a swift glance towards the door)

Macy --- Holy Moses, Osgood ! -- Jumping Jehosophat ! What's up?!

(He jumps up, crosses to door and comes back)

Parker and his cronies are back of this!-- They've forced you ! That's what's happened !

Osgood --- You're forgetting yourself, aren't you, Macy?! I'm running

Osgood cont'd-- this bank---have been for forty years, and I aim to keep it going until I die.

Macy --- (Completely flattened out)

I apologize, Mr. Osgood, for losing my temper. But, you see, now I'll have to close my doors--sell off my stock at a loss, which won't pay my obligations---

Osgood--- Better declare bankruptcy.

Macy --- (Jarred by the idea) Go into bankruptcy--? We Quakers don't do business that way.

Osgood--- It's done every day. "Beggars can't be choosers". Besides creditors prefer to take what they can get now, than to wait and stand the chance of not getting anything.

Macy --- (Protesting) But, Mr. Osgood---!

Osgood-- I know you'd intend to--but you might die---

Macy--- (Wryly) Can't count on that too soon! We Nantucketers are long-lived!

Osgood--- My bank can handle this for you--we do it all the time, in a growing country like ours, all the young fellers with gumption are trying out new ideas. Sometimes they work--sometimes--not. Now, you got some good ideas, the trouble's been you're the right man,--in the wrong place!

Macy -- (thoughtfully) That may be it--. But--bankruptcy--I don't like that. It'll be a blot on my credit for a long time.

Osgood--- You'll live it down. A man's not worth his salt till he's lived down a few mistakes.

Macy --- It means going back to clerking again--trying to save up something again--and with a wife and child--it'll take time.

Osgood---- "Rome wasn't built in a day"!

Macy ---- (still pondering - but with more conviction)
No--and I think my ideas are worth fighting for,--and, the
only way to start again - is to have a clean slate - so -
it's got to be bankruptcy, I guess. That's the common-sense
way to look at it !

(rises slowly

Well, Mr. Osgood, I presume likely you'll have to be taking
over in a few days.

Osgood --- I'll say this for you, young feller--you're a game loser.

Macy --- (has crossed to door -- turns)

See too many ships ride out a gale not to think I can't
outride this one. My craft's beached now - but we'll be
in the suds again! Yep - (thoughtfully) "the right man in
the wrong place" - I'll try a big city next time !

(He goes out door)

CURTAIN

Copy 2

MACY'S BRIGHT STAR

ACT II

MACY'S BRIGHT Star

ACT II

SCENE -- 1

Time - Twelve years later - 1859

Place - 332 Sixth Avenue, New York City

Setting - Combination sitting and dining room of the Macy-Thornton household in a first floor flat. Large dining-room table is center with six chairs around it. a Victorian mahogany rocker, stands by window at upper Left, with desk, at Left back wall, and a side-board stands in upper right corner. Down right is doorway to kitchen and bed-rooms, with a portier draped across opening. Door to outer hall is down Left. Although the furnishings are comfortable, they are not elaborate. White curtains hang at the window, at Left, where the hot sunshine pours into the room; also a slight breeze stirs the curtains. It is early June. Table is set for lunch for six.

(When curtain rises, street noises are heard--sound of horses and carts on cobble-stones and street cries coming at intervals from near and far -

"Strawberries -! Strawberries! Ten cents a box!"

Voice of Strawberry man, in a rythm all his own, fades as the doleful cry of blind broom vendor is heard.

"Brums - Brums - Brums for sale !"

Harshly at the same time comes the call of rag man who tinkles a bell -

"Rags - rags - whose got rags to sell !"

Another man, with another kind of bell -

"Umbrella to mend? - Umbrellas to mend? I'll mend your umbrellas !"

Then the strawberry man is heard again -

"Strawberries - fine fresh strawberries !"

Meanwhile, Louisa Thornton, now Mrs. Macy, has come briskly into room from doorway, Right. Louisa is now a mature woman, with hair parted in the middle, and loose loops of thick hair over her ears, and a snood for the back.

(Louisa carries a large pitcher of water and a plate of rolls, which she places on table. While Louisa walks to window for a breath of air, wiping her hands on her apron, Mattie Thornton comes in wearily from Right, fanning herself with her apron. She is a pleasant faced little woman, but washed out and sickly. She crosses to chair by the window - as Louisa moves center - re-arranging china, etc., on table .)

Mattie -- I can't stand over that hot stove another second, Louisa.
I'd faint. What with the pain in my back and the heat.

Louisa -- (Resignedly, as if she has heard it often before)
It's all right, Mattie. I can manage. Only I could baste the roast better, while I whip the cream, if I had two pairs of hands.

(She starts to cross)

Mattie -- Oh, if only ^{that} husband of yours hadn't brought us all here to New York where the heat's so unbearable, I'd be of more use to you.

Louisa -- Well, your husband wasn't obliged to come to help in Rowly's new store if he hadn't wanted to. Besides, it was as not as this in Boston many a time, Mattie. You've just forgotten.

Mattie -- There was always a breeze from Boston Harbor and green trees on the Common. Here, all the view we have is noisy, dirty Sixth Avenue.

Louisa --- Well, you couldn't any more have stopped Rowly from coming to New York to start a store than you could stop the earth from spinning round. He's been dead set on it iver since he came back from the West.

(Louisa starts for door Right)

(Rowly Macy, Jr. aged fifteen, is heard whistling off-stage. He continues to whistle as he comes in from Left.)

Louisa -- Rowly'. How many times do I have to tell you---

(She crosses to him)

Rowly --- (He is continually tossing large ball in air and catching it.)

I know! Nice boys don't whistle!

Louisa -- (as she fusses over him, removing his cap and straightening his windsor-tie.)

And your cap, Rowly dear, when will you remember to take it off in the house.

Rowly -- Aw Ma, quit fussing at me !

Mattie -- Rowly-- Nice boys shouldn't answer back when their mothers correct them.

(Louisa returns to arrange plates on table)

Rowly -- (Tossing ball in air, he recites.)

Knife and fork, Bottle and cork!

That's the way, To spell New York.

Mattie -- And if you keep tossing that ball, you'll start my head to aching again.

Rowly --- (Puts ball in his pocket. Starts after his mother who has crossed to door, Right)

Say, Ma -- can I have ten cents? - Please--can I ?

Louisa -- (Turns in doorway) Now, Rowly -- what for?

Rowly -- For a Dick Dead-eye book. There's a new one out ---

Louisa -- That's a silly book. I'd rather have you read "THE YOUTH'S COMPANION" or---

Rowly --- All the boys read "Dick Dead-eye"--and I haven't the new one. Please may ---

(He takes her hand and smiles at her winningly.)

Louisa -- All right ---but this is the very last ten cents you can have this week.

(She takes money from her skirt pocket and gives it to him.)

Scene I

Rowly -- Thanks, Ma --

(He starts across quickly -- to door Left)

Louisa---- (Calling after him) Rowly, don't be too long. Dinner's almost ready and your father'll be home any minute---

Rowly -- Yes, Ma---

(He is heard whistling as he goes out)

Mattie---- I'd hate to have any child of mine spoilt that way---

Louisa --- (As she goes off, Right)

But you haven't any child of your own!

(Louisa goes off, Left - quickly)

Mattie -- (Wipes a tear from her eye with her apron and murmurs)
Always rubbing it in---

(Cries of "Strawberries - strawberries" come again)

(Door bangs outside - Right)

Mattie -- That you---Ralph?

(Ralph Thornton comes bustling in, with hat and newspaper. He has grayed quite a bit and is more opinionated and self-satisfied than ever.)

Ralph -- Dinner's ready, I hope. Must get right back to the store-- those sales-ladies need watching every minute!

(Turns, seeing Mattie)

Oh -- there you are, Mattie. No dinner? Where's Louisa? Rowland'll be late.

(Calling off, Right)

Louisa, where's dinner? Rowland says to start without him.

(Sitting at head of table -- pushing chair back a little, he opens his paper and starts to read)

"Mayor Fernando Wood is building a new residence in the Village of Bloomingdale. More of the tax-payers money!

Macy cont'd-- Population of the city now estimated at 650,000,
15,000 more than last year. Where do all the people
come from !

Mattie -- I had a fainting spell -- the heat and all.

Ralph --- (While he reads) Too bad. You can't imagine what it's
like in the store standing around sweltering, waiting
for someone to come in. But can't say as I blame 'em
for not shopping in this heat. It's Rowland's funeral--
not mine! He would come to New York.

Mattie -- Maybe you're better off not being a partner.

Ralph -- Beginning to think so. But that don't make it any
easier, that Rowland didn't include me.

Mattie -- I'll never get over it myself after you giving him his
start and everything'. Maybe we should have stayed in
Boston.

(Pause as Ralph glances over paper again)

Ralph -- Well, Well! (He reads from Paper), (Pause), New
Fifth Avenue Hotel to be erected at Broadway and 23rd.
(He looks closer at paper and then explodes
wrathfully)
Great Heavens'. Look at this '.

Mattie -- (Perturbed) Ralph ! What is it?

Ralph --- Just read that ! (He rises and crossing thrusts paper
at her)

Mattie -- What is it ?

Ralph --- This advertisement of Rowland's here in the Tribune!

Mattie -- Well - Let me see it !

Ralph -- Such Claptrap! Bizarre and cheap !

Mattie -- Why, it looks like a lot of letter "O's" put together
in the form of a star. It's sort of pretty. Different,
anyhow.

Scene I

Ralph -- But, what, I ask you -- have stars to do with selling fancy dry-goods? Ribbons and feathers don't come in the form of a star-- do they?

Mattie -- (Wearily) Yes, I guess it does look sort of silly.

Ralph -- Of course it does! All he has to do is to write out in plain English what new goods we have, as all successful stores do. Look at the repetition! It keeps saying the same thing, over and over. Rowland's gone crazy with these ads. He'll fail again just as he did in Haverhill. And then where will we all be?

Mattie -- It's too bad--but what can you expect from a stubborn Quaker like Rowland Macy. He won't listen to anyone.

(Louisa enters quickly with platter, overhears)

Louisa -- (Resignedly) What's Rowland done now?

Ralph -- (Trying to pass it off) Oh, another one of those outlandish advertisements of his.

Louisa -- Where is Rowland? He's never on time for meals anymore. He's as bad as the children. And where are they? Roly should be back. And Florence is never late!--

Mattie -- (Getting excited--looking out of window)
Yes, where is Florence! Children get run over by the horsecars every day! Oh, dear! Where is she!!

Ralph -- (Turning from his paper) What's the matter, Mattie?
What's keeping the children, Louisa?

(Rowly is heard outside before he enters, whistling.)

Louisa -- Here's Roly--and I just remembered, Florence went home for dinner with a school-friend.

Ralph -- Louisa! Can't that boy ever stop whistling?!

Mattie -- And he still has his cap on, Louisa!

(She has gone off, Right. Mattie and Ralph exchange glances and raise their eyebrows)

(The strawberry man calls again from street)

"Strawberries! Strawberries! Ten cents a quart!"

Rowly -- (Rushes to window) Golly! The strawberry Man! And there's Pa coming!

(He starts for door - Left)

He'll buy me some strawberries!

Ralph -- (Crossing quickly, Left--calling off as he pushes curtain aside)

Rowland's coming, Louisa! Better get the dinner on.

(Turns to Mattie)

Mattie, can you help hurry things along?

Mattie -- (Getting out of chair slowly) If my back will let me get out of this chair. It seems to ache more with the heat. I don't know why--

Ralph -- You say the same thing when it's cold.

Mattie -- (Tearfully) I can't help it. You know I can't.

Ralph -- (Contrite, he pats her on the shoulder as she passes him.) I know it, Mattie. I didn't mean anything.

(She crosses and goes out, Right. Ralph sits and goes on reading his paper)

(Macy and Rowly are heard talking outside)

Rowly -- Can I have one now, Pa?

Macy -- Well, son--your mother would say they ought to be washed first--

(Entering - Macy speaks expansively)

Here we are--strawberries and all! Jumping Jehosiphath!

you haven't waited dinner, have you? Why, Ralph! I told you to tell Louisa to go ahead because I knew I'd be late. Now I'll catch hell!

(Louisa, then Mattie come from Right,
with platters and toureens of food)

Louisa -- Rowland,--your language !

Macy --- Never mind. Here are the strawberries you asked for.

Louisa -- (Busy serving food at table) Strawberries ?

Macy --- Don't look too ripe. And I had to pay ten cents for the quart.

Louisa -- I didn't want any strawberries today.

Macy --- (Looking quickly at Rowly, who has hung his head)
What's that!? Bub -? Didn't you tell me your mother
asked for strawberries?

Rowly -- Well--I--

Macy --- (His temper rising quickly) You know you did! Rowly
Macy, you lied again to your father'.

Louisa -- (Placatingly) Now, Rowland---

Macy --- Come here to me, boy--here at once !

(Rowly comes half-way)

Macy --- Has thee any explanation for thy transgression?

Rowly -- Only---I wanted some strawberries--and---

Macy --- (Putting him over his knees) If thee wanted them bad
enough thee won't mind taking a licking for them !

Louisa -- Oh, Rowland ! No!

Mattie -- (At the same time) Oh, not at the dinner table !

(Rowly lets out a yelp and Louisa and Mattie,
at Right and Left of table, start to weep.
Disgusted, Macy brings his hand down to his
side and pushes Rowly off his lap. Rowly
runs out of room.)

Macy --- By the great horn spoon ! I hadn't put a hand to him
before all of you start yelling! I'll be dad-burned,
he'll never be disciplined at this rate. Well, come on

Rowland
cont'd---

let's have our dinner. Hot as the weather is, I still have my appetite. Cheer up, Mattie! Looks like a good meal--but then, Louisa always was a good cook!

(with a wink at Louisa, jovially)

The way to a man's heart. eh, Louisa? Mattie, have some applesauce--good for your backache. Guess I got so mad about the strawberries because I had saved that ten cents for a couple of good cigars. Well, Ralph--we didn't do much business this morning did we?!

(He chuckles)

Not enough customers to keep the flies off the counters!

Ralph ---

If we weren't so far off the beaten track we'd have more customers. Now, if you had a shop on Broadway, as I advised you---

Macy ---

And pay thirty dollars a month rent instead of fifteen!

Louisa --

(Calling off, Left) Rowly! Come get your dinner!

Ralph ---

You'll never get the upper-crust coming way over here to this unfashionable part of town. Especially, if you don't let them have charge accounts. You'll see I'm right, after it's too late.

Macy ---

They can learn to pay cash like anyone else! I pay cash--they pay cash. That's how I keep the prices down! Just wait till our cheap prices get noised about! Did you see the new advertisement in the Tribune? Pretty neat!

Ralph --

About the last straw, to my way of thinking! Stars, indeed! Shy, that thing stands out on the page like--like a sore thumb!

Scene I

Macy -- But--it stands out'. That's what you want, isn't it?
When you advertise--something to catch the eye! That's
just what you want!

Ralph -- But not in a cheap way. And, why stars?

Macy -- Got a star tattooed here on my arm. Brought me luck at
sea---going to have stars stamped on everything!

Ralph -- It's not dignified. You'll have us a laughing stock of
the city.

Macy -- Never mind, if they laugh at us. Just so long as they
come in and buy.

(Rowly has appeared in doorway)

Here Rowly, sit down and eat your dinner. But no straw-
berries for him, you understand, Louisa? And when you say
your prayers tonight, Rowly, remember to ask the Lord to
forgive you.

Rowly -- (Sitting at table, in front, with back to audience.)
Yes, father.

Macy -- Where's Florence, by gad. Where is my little darling?

Louisa-- Having dinner with one of her school-mates.

Macy -- Won't be here to light my cigar, eh? Don't let her be away
too much. I miss her. Well, Ralph--since you don't think
much of my star add, maybe you'll like this better. It's
in verse!

Ralph -- Verse--?

Macy -- Why Not ---?

Rowly -- I know a verse. "Knife and fork
Bottle and cork,
That's the way
To spell New York."

(He hits his knife and fork together
beating time.)

Louisa -- Hush, Rowly!

Macy --- (At same time) Now, let me see.

(Clears his throat)

"Westward the Star of Empire takes it's way!
So does the star of Fashion and of Graces,
Judging at least, by the vast crowds each day
Rushing to Macy's."

(He looks around for approval. Louisa forces
a smile and beats time with her hand to the
rythm of the verse)

"Broadway no longer tempts with costly glare
With fancy shop fronts and still fancier prices.
Cheapness--if good and tasteful for the fair
is what entices"--

(Macy ends with a flourish, very pleased
with himself. Louisa and Mattie try to
be enthusiastic. Ralph looks disgusted.)

Louisa -- Well, well,--I never thought I'd have a poet for a husband.

Mattie -- Now, that is real smart of you, Rowland. Will they print
it in the paper?

Macy --- Why not? Holy Moses! They'll have to print it if I pay
'em for it! Now, here's another! (continuing with great
relish)

"Housekeeping goods, embroideries, ribbons and more
Than I can recount, may be bought in the store
of Macy, of whom, if you'll take my advice
You'll patronize, seeing he has but one price!

(Louisa and Rowly have a hard time beating
out the rythm for this one)

Ralph -- That one price policy of yours! None of the other stores
here in New York stick to one price!

Macy --- Yes, I know! If Katie O'Grady wants a pair of ~~goves~~^{gloves}--
it's fifty cents! But if Mrs. Van Rensselaer comes in, the
price for a pair of gloves is a dollar! Jumping Jehosephat!
What's fair or honest about that? No! I'll stick to my one
price policy. ~~My father'd turn over in his grave if I didn't.~~

(Meanwhile, during this speech and the next, Louisa and Mattie are clearing the table, taking dishes, etc., off Right. Roly follows them finishing glass of water as he goes.)

Ralph -- You'll fail--just the way you did in Haverhill! Mark my words!

(At the mention of Haverhill, Macy's knife and fork hit the plate and his temper rises.)

Ralph -- You can't expect to come to a big city like New York and
cont'd accomplish what you couldn't even make a go of in a small Massachusetts town, without changing your tactics.

Macy -- (Trying to remain calm) It's because it's a big city, where there's room for new ideas, that I came to New York.

Ralph -- (Skeptically) Time will tell!

Macy --- And as soon as I can branch out, why--I already have a lead on a manufacturer where I can get towels, sheets and linens without going through a middleman---

Ralph -- But--they're not fancy dry-goods---

Macy --- No,-- but by Gad--we don't have to stick exclusively to fancy dry-goods! I have an idea that the time of specializing in little shops is over. The pendulum is swinging back to a variety of lines all under one roof--like the old-world Fairs and Bazaars. I have an idea I'm right! You'll see!

Ralph --- What I see right now is the country heading straight for a fratricidal war that will knock all business into a cocked hat! Why, the South has threatened to secede again--and this man, Lincoln (taps newspaper emphatically) he's not going to let them get away with it! You mark my words!

Macy --- I hope to heaven I don't ever have to mark your words about that. What good will a war do? "Thou shalt not take thy brother's life." No! That we cannot do!

Ralph --- Well all I have to say is--no one can be sure what's coming, and I'm warning you, Rowland Hussey Macy, not to go branching out and getting us in deeper and deeper.

Macy --- (Pulling at his beard, wearily--almost sadly)
I suppose it's that Yankee conscience of yours that makes you warn me of dire disaster every step of the way.

Ralph --- What about that Quaker conscience of yours?

Macy --- It's my Quaker conscience, that gives me faith in my own ideas.

Ralph --- Faith or stubbornness--call it what you like!

(Louisa comes in quickly with desert, Rowly following her closely)

Rowly --- I don't want any desert, Ma. I'll be late for school.
(Whispering) But say, Ma--can I have two cents for a plain soda?

(Louisa starts to put her hand in her pocket but catches Macy's eye, and stops)

Louisa -- You'll have to ask your father, Rowly.

Macy --- Certainly not, young man!

(Speaking kindly, he draws the boy to him)

Come here, son. We can't let you have money every time you want it--there isn't that much to go around. Now, you want your Pa's ne^w store to be a success, because someday you'll want to be there, learning to be a merchant.

Rowly --- I suppose so.

Macy --- And it's time, now, you came and helped at the store after school, instead of playing around the streets.

Louisa -- Oh, not these hot days, Rowland. Let the boy have some time to play.

Macy --- I didn't! I worked everyday after school in my ~~cousin's~~ shop.

Louisa -- But, that was in Nantucket!

(Macy throws up his hands- a much as to say what difference and turns to his desert. Mattie and Ralph are finishing theirs. Ralph pushes away from the table.)

Ralph -- Well, we still have a business to attend to, I presume!
Someone has to keep track of those salesladies and see they don't spend their time gossiping, or flirting. Male clerks are far better.

(He gets his hat and leaves quickly)

Macy -- Cost more! And aren't nearly so ornamental!

(Meanshile Rowly appeals to Louisa again. She keeping an eye on Macy, finally sneaks five cents from her pocket and gives it to the boy. He quickly puts his hat on and darts across the room.)

Rowly -- Goodbye, everybody! I'll be awful late for school!

(He exits left)

Macy -- (Who has caught sight of Louisa giving the money)

Louisa! You gave money to Rowly after all! I saw you!

Louisa -- Can't our boy have two cents?!

Macy --- By God, am I to have no authority in my own home?!

Louisa -- You put everything into the store. We never have any spare cash at home.

Macy -- But you're spoiling the boy, Louisa. He'll turn out to be No-'count if you're not careful.

Louisa -- You care more for the store than you do for any of us'. It's always been that way!

(Feeling sorry for herself she resorts to tears)

I have to scrimp and save all the time!

(Knock on door, Left)

Louisa--- (Drying her eyes) Oh, deer me! someone's knocking! And the Table's NOT cleared!

(She picks up some dishes and hurries off, Right)

Mattie-- (Also starting to stack the dishes)

Who'd be coming here? We don't know anyone in New York.

Macy -- Only way to find out is to open the door!

(He has crossed and opens door, Left. He disappears into hall way)

(From Hallway)

Margaret

Getchel -- Mr. R. H. Macy --? How nice to see you! I'm Margaret

Getchel, from Nantucket!

Macy -- (off stage) Jumping Jehosephat! Bill Getchel's girl!

Well, well--this is a surprise! (Bringing her in) Want you

to know the folks here! *(Louisa comes from stage-right door)* My wife, Louisa--Louisa this is

Margaret Getchel, a distant cousin of mine from Nantucket.

(Margaret Getchell is a handsome young woman of about twenty. She has an air of confidence and exuberance about her, is well-poised and altogether charming in manner. Her clothes are simple. but attractive.)

~~(Louisa has returned from kitchen--Louise and Margaret shake hands.)~~

Louisa-- Another cousin? How-de-do?

Margaret--Mrs. Macy! I am glad to meet you! I've heard a lot of nice things about you. You've never been to our Island, have you?!

Louisa -- No. I couldn't undertake the long sea voyage.

Margaret--(Laughingly) Well, it is quite a vi'ge, as the whalemén say!

(Macy leads Margaret to where Mattie is sitting at the table)

Macy -- And this is my sister-in-law, Mrs. Thornton.

Margaret-- How nice to meet you, Mrs. Thornton.

Mattie---(Half rising) How-do-you-do, Miss Getchel.

Margaret---Oh, please don't get up.

Mattie --- Well,--I do have trouble with my back.

Margaret-- What a shame! I should think trouble with one's back would be worse than any other ailment. Pressure on all those nerves in the spinal cord must make one ache all over.

Mattie -- (Patting her hand) Oh,--it does! But how did you know? So few people understand.

Macy -- Margaret's a school-teacher. That's why she knows about spinal cords and the like.

Margaret - Yes, in some schools I've been allowed to teach a little physiology. But most places would prefer the children to believe their bodies were made of "sugar and spice and all things nice"!

(She laughs gayly)

Macy --- Sit down, Margaret. Tell us all about thyself, and how thee found us.

Louisa -- (Self-consciously laughing)

Rowland always goes back to his Quakerish ways of speaking when he meets a Nantucketer.

Macy -- Have you just come from the Island

Margaret-- No. I left Nantucket last Fall, but Aunt Rebecca Hussey wrote me in the winter that you had opened a store in New York City.

Macy --- How is Aunt Rebecca?

Margaret -- Fine, the last I heard from the Island. Well, to-day when I was on the 14th Street horse-car, I suddenly looked up at Sixth Avenue and saw R. H. Macy - Dry Goods, of all things! I said to myself that's Cousin Rowland's store, of course!

Macy --- (To Louisa) I told you that new sign would be seen from the Crosstown cars'.

Margaret -- I got off and went right in and asked for you, and they
told me you were home for dinner.

Louisa -- (Apologetically) He's later than usual to-day, that's why
the table isn't even cleared and the room tidied up.

Margaret -- Well, I hope you don't mind, Mrs. Macy, but since it was only
a few blocks up Sixth Avenue, I came right along, just to
say "how-de-do", as we would in Nantucket.

Macy --- Glad you did, by gad! It's always good to see someone from
the old Island! So, you haven't been teaching school in
Nantucket this winter?

Margaret-- No, I wanted a change. So, I applied for an opening I heard
of in Richmond, Virginia--where I've just left.

Louisa -- The heat must be stifling in the South. It's bad enough
here'.

Margaret--- Oh, I don't mind the heat! But, there is a feeling against
Northerners in Richmond now.

Mattie -- Oh dear me! - Why?

Margaret -- Since they can't help thinking we're interfering with their
way of life, by advocating the abolition of slavery, naturally,
they resent us. So I don't think I shall go back. Right
now I'm visiting with some friends in the city.

Macy -- Come stay with us for a while, too! Plenty of room!

(Louisa looks dismayed)

Margaret-- Thank you, but if I don't find employment soon, I'll be re-
turning to Nantucket. But, tell me more of your plans for
the store/ In my tour of the two aisles, I thought it
looked like just the sort of shop I'd want to browse in and
pick up a bargain.

Macy -- (Very pleased) by gad-- that's exactly the way I want our lady customers to feel! And, they can pick up a bargain any day. But, I want to branch out more--try other lines--household goods--

Margaret-- (Eagerly) What about this new idea of ready-made clothes for women! We can't spend all our time dressmaking now-a-days, can we Mrs. Macy, and Mrs. Thornton?

Mattie-- I never thought about it before.

Louisa -- Go into a store and buy a dress all ready made? Oh, I don't think I'd like that!

Macy -- I've just completed arrangements to have dolmans made, and ladies underwear--chemises and drawers, and--

Louisa -- For shame, Rowland! You shouldn't mention such things before Miss Getchell!

Macy -- Jumping Jehosephat! Why not! ? Margaret knows if I'm in the dry goods business I've got to know that women wear drawers so I can sell them, haven't I ? !

Mattie -- (drearily) I don't know what we're coming to !

Margaret-- Why, I imagine there must be no end of lines you could try out! Toiletries, china, cutlery--

Macy -- All under one roof--! It's coming--you'll see !

Margaret--Oh, it's most exciting, don't you think so, Mrs. Macy ?

Louisa -- (Looking at her bewildered) Why,--er, I don't know--I guess so.

Macy -- Look here, Margaret. You taught mathematics, didn't you? How would thee like a position as cashier for the summer? But then, I guess thee'd find that kind of dull and hot, being cooped up in a store all day.

Margaret-- (Thinking fast and looking pleased)

I wouldn't mind that, Mr. Macy! And it couldn't be dull. But, I don't know whether I'd be able to handle such a responsible position!

Macy -- Nonesence! If you can handle children and teach the little beggars their figures, you can handle a cash desk! Only, one bad feature--I'd about get you broken in when you'd want to leave for the Fall school term. That

Macy cont'd— wouldn't be so good.

Margaret — It would be an adventure! And if I could do it—that is, prove satisfactory—I think I'd like to stay on! I've been teaching for three years and I'm already getting weary of it!

Macy — You mean it ?

Margaret — (She nods) If you really mean it—and want to try me out—why I—

Macy — (Enthusiastically) Good for you! You're a girl after my own heart! Like to try new things! You've got gumption! When can you start?

Margaret — Why,—tomorrow, if you need me.

Macy — (Heartily) Monday will do! At eight, on the tick! That's Jim Dandy! Now we must find this young lady a place to live. She can't be roaming the city alone, Louisa. Why can't she get a room in this house—and feed with us? !

Louisa — (Half-heartedly) of course.

Macy — There, that's settled! Let's shake on it !

Margaret — My! It quite takes my breath away to have it all come so quickly!

I'll try not to be any trouble, Mrs. Macy. So good of you to take me in!

(She has risen, and shakes Louisa by the hand)
(Turns to Mrs. Thornton)

And Mrs. Thornton—it will be nice to be seeing you again soon. Fancy! My coming to pay a short call, and being offered a position! You can't know how grateful I am, Cousin Rowland.

Macy — Got to look after our relations, don't we, Louisa? All right—goodbye. See you Monday—

Margaret — (Laughingly) Eight o'clock—on the tick! Goodbye!

(She exits, Left)

Louisa — (Sighs heavily) Another mouth to feed.

Macy — She'll pay her way, all right! That girl will! She's a hum-dinger! She'll be a great asset to the store.

(Getting his hat and starting off—Right)

Macy cont'd— By the way—send Rowly down when he gets home from school I have plenty of errands for him to do.

(He exits quickly)

Louisa— (Looking after him resentfully)

The store—the store ! —He'd have all of us there working our heads if he could!

CURTAIN

Notation— A book has been recently published about the life of Margaret Getchel.

MACY'S BRIGHT STAR

ACT II ** SCENE 2

ACT II

SCENE II

Time -- Four Years Later - 1862

Setting -- The same as Scene 1. The furnishings are much as before, except there is now a dark cover on the table with a victorian center-piece. It is a Fall evening. Lamp on desk at Right, upstage, is lit. There is a dreary atmosphere about the room.

At Curtain, Louisa, looking a good deal older, sits in rocking chair, at Left, by window. She cries softly, while Macy, looking disturbed and depressed, is pacing up and down.

Macy -- (Exploding irately) By God, Louisa, I can't help saying it- but you spoilt the boy!

Louisa -- (Through her tears, resentfully) Might know you'd blame me !

Macy -- I remember telling you, time and again, when you gave him money or coddled him, that he'd come to no good end.

Louisa -- He's only seventeen and he -- (Starts to cry again)

Macy --- Crying won't help now ! - Hell - I know - It's as much my fault as yours, can't deny that ! I knew better, - I'd been taught the Discipline: - I knew what the Elders would have done with a wayward boy.

Louisa -- You've always been too strict with him - making him work at the store, and all !

Macy --- Not had enough time for the boy, that's the trouble ! Had to keep my nose to the grindstone to make a living. But this drinking ! That's something new !

Louisa -- He doesn't mean to drink too much -- he's just headstrong --

Macy --- If I'd stayed in Nantucket - gone to Meeting every First Day - taught my boy the rules of the Discipline, then he wouldn't have gone astray.

(He stops in his pacing and looks upward)

God forgive me!

Louisa -- Where is Rowly, now ?

Macy --- Stopped to get a shave and clean up. Didn't want you to see him the way he looked.

Louisa — (Starts to cry again) Oh, my boy—my poor boy !

(Macy goes over to her and puts his hand on her shoulder)

Macy — There, there, Louisa. We must pull ourselves together—reef our sails and try another tack. We must help the boy to get over this weakness and make a man of himself.

Louisa — Oh, yes,—Rowland.

Macy — But we'll both have to be firm — no coddling.

(Sees Rowly coming from the window)

Here he comes now. Don't let him see you've been crying.

Louisa — No, I won't.

(Drying her eyes, rises and gets near doorway as Rowly forlornly rumped, but clean—steps into doorway. Louisa breaks down at once and bursts into tears.)

Oh, Rowly — oh, my poor boy!

(She throws her arms around his neck)

Macy — Now, Now, Louisa. Remember your promise. Let the boy alone. Supposing you go lie down. It's been a strain. He's home, and I want to have a talk with him.

(Macy separates Louisa from Rowly, and weeping gently, she crosses and goes off, Right — after looking back lovingly at Rowly.)

(Rowly crosses to back of room, by window, Left)

Macy — (Sternly) Well Rowland, what has thee to say forthyself?

Rowly — (Sullenly) Nothing.

Macy — Thee has no remorse for what this means to me and — thy mother? Has thee thought of thy mother ?

(Rowly, who is standing by window, suddenly crumples in chair and tries to choke back dry sobs)

Rowly — (After a pause) Gee- gosh — Pa- I didn't mean to drink so much — I only had a couple at first — then — I guess I didn't know what I was doing — and when the other fellows started throwing stones at windows and breaking

Rowly---cont'd. in and taking things - why - I just went along but I didn't do any of the looting - honest I didn't ! But- everything went kind of blank inside of me and I tore around like - like I was crazy, I guess - till the cop caught me .

Macy --- Well - boy, - we can only pray this has been a lesson thee'll never forget, - that thee will listen to the Guidance of the Lord and keep away from strong liquor. That ought to be your pledge to me, right now.

Rowly --- (Coming over to table, Center, where his father sits.

I do pledge it, Pa - I do ! Not another drop !

Macy --- If thee'd had the training I had, I'd feel more comfortable about thee, But, I've not brought thee up in the faith of my fore-fathers because I've wandered far afield, my self. And now, it will take all your strength of will to overcome your bad habits.

Rowly --- Yes, Pa - I know.

Macy --- First of all, thee must leave school and the associates thee's made there, and come to work at the store - full time.

Rowly --- Go to work - at the store - ?

Macy --- In that way thee can pay back the money I have expended to get thee out of this trouble.

Rowly --- (Crestfallen) Yes--of course.

Macy --- It cost nearly a thousand dollars. By gad, Rowly, you've got to learn the meaning of money and how people have to work to get it !

Rowly --- Sure, -- of course, Pa. -- I understand.

(Voices are heard outside hall door, Left)

Mattie --- (Off Left) Now, Ralph - wait a minute - you'll have to help me up the steps.

Rowly --- (Starting off, Right) I'll -- I'll go now. I don't want ---

Macy --- (Sternly) Thee'll have to see them sometime -- better face it now.

(Mattie comes through door which Ralph holds open for her. She suddenly sees Rowly and stops, embarrassed)

Mattie --- Oh, Rowly ! (She sheds a few tears)

Ralph --- (to Macy) So you got him off! That's good. Must have taken some manoeuvring.

(Ralph crosses center)

Well, Rowly - glad I haven't a jail-bird for a nephew! I hope now, you've learned your lesson you'll turn over a new leaf.

Rowly --- Yes, Uncle Ralph.

Ralph --- I knew you were drinking too much. Warned your father about it. I learned never to touch liquor at your age.

Mattie --- (Over to Rowly) Oh, Rowly! Promise you'll never drink any more? You'll break your mother's heart if you do !

Rowly --- (Dully) I promise, Aunt Mattie.

(Bank heard in distance - off Right)

Mattie --- I've worried so much about you my head hasn't stopped aching all day.

(As she hears music her face brightens)

Why, listen ! There's a band!

Ralph --- (Crossing to window) A street band! Must be a parade.

(Ralph opens window. Music louder. Bank playing "Johnnie Comes Marching Home" or "the Bonnie Blue Flag".

It is ! A torch light parade. They're in uniform.

Mattie --- (Crossing to window, quickly) They're playing a march! How pretty! and they're singing!

Ralph --- Those men look well in their uniforms.

Macy --- (Bitterly, to himself) Singing and marching to get men to go forth to kill each other. Brother kill brother.

Ralph --- Look - there with the new recruits, that's Zeke Forester's boy, isn't it? And Tom Fairfield. You used to know them, didn't you, Rowly?

Rowly -- (Who has slowly come across and lurked behind group at window)

Where's Tom? I don't see him.

Ralph -- Front line--on the left. Fine looking lot of boys. Makes a man wish he were younger.

Mattie -- Oh, but they're too young to be going off to war. When will it ever end!
Two years now---

Macy -- Why don't they try getting together and settling it peaceably!

Ralph -- Impossible ! The South will never listen to reason! We'll lick them though! I don't know why McClellan doesn't take Richmond and cut right across Virginia.

(Rowly has quietly crossed to door and slipped out, Right)

Macy -- If the men on each side would lay down their arms and stop fighting there'd be no war.

Ralph -- Poppycock! Wouldn't settle anything!

Louisa -- (Coming from Right) What's the music? Didn't I hear a band?

(Band and singing is fainter)

Mattie -- Yes. A band and soldiers. They're just disappearing down Sixth Avenue.
It's quite exciting!

Louisa -- (As she crosses, looks around the room) Where's Rowly? He was home!

Macy -- Why, he's--? Well, where's he got to--?

Ralph -- He was right here a minute ago.

Louisa -- But where is he now?

Macy -- Gone down to the street to watch the parade, I presume likely. He'll be right back, don't fret, Louisa.

(They all look worried, but say nothing)

Louisa -- Oh,--but why did he leave again? He just came back! Rowland, find him, please?

Macy — He'll be right back, I'm sure. Now don't get upset, Louisa.

Mattie — Come, Louisa—we'll retire. Rowly'll be back. You've had such a hard day.
You must try and get to sleep early.

(They walk toward Right exit, Mattie with her arm
about Louisa's waist)

Louisa — But, I can't sleep until my boy comes in. You know I can't—

Mattie — Ralph will tell us when he comes.

(They exit)

Ralph — Louisa's taken this pretty hard.

Macy — It's hard on both of us.

Ralph — (Clearing his throat) That man from Wheelock and Company stopped by
at the store while you were at court this afternoon.

Macy — (Stops walking and turns to Ralph) By Gad! That's unlucky. I didn't
want to miss him.

Ralph — (Clearing his throat) As a matter of fact, I got into conversation
with him. Told him I was your brother-in-law. So we talked things
over — and he left a message for you.

Macy — (Eyeing Ralph with apprehension) He did? Well, I hope to God it's good
news. I could do with a little !

Ralph — Can't say that it is, exactly. They don't feel they can let you have
credit for that new shipment of goods you ordered. They—

Macy — (Exploding) Jumping Jehosopha! Why not? I've never asked them for
credit before! Here i am with my back against the wall and they won't
come across! Why not, I'd like to know?

Ralph — Well, he said they were giving very few credits now because of the war.
And then, besides—he hinted they'd been warned against giving you any
credit on account of the Haverhill bankruptcy—

Macy -- Great suffering cats! That was nearly ten years ago'. is that to dog my footsteps forever?!

Ralph -- (Wagging his head) Well--I've often told you !

Macy -- Yes, Yes,--blast ye, I know--you warned me! But, how did they find out about Haverhill, anyhow? They weren't in the wholesale business at that time?

Ralph -- (Naively) Those things get around.

Macy -- (Looking at him suspiciously) Yes, I suppose they do. But, after all these years! And here I've weathered two years of war without any aid.

(Desperately)

Well, by God - it looks like this is the break-up. We've struck shoal water all right! Can't go on if we don't get that shipment of china-ware.

Ralph -- Lot of nonsense--China-ware department! All that Getchel girl's idea! You will listen to her'. If you don't stop adding new departments you won't last out the winter.

Macy -- A girl like Margaret Getchel knows what appeals to the women! Besides, the only way to boost business in these bad times is to keep on having something new. Everytime we've opened a new department, it's given us a boost in all our sales! Now--we've advertised china-ware, stirred up some interest -- and -- well, as far as I can see, we'll have to close our doors if we can't make good! And - I've had to draw everything out of the bank to keep Rowly out of jail.

Ralph -- (Clearing his throat) It so happens, Rowland, that I've saved up a little money---. Now if you felt like taking in a partner - why -

Macy -- (Turns around, looks at him quizzically) Partners! ? You and I - ? Still harping on that, eh?

Ralph -- (Urbanely) Oh, I know we don't see eye to eye on many issues, but if we both conceded a little, - why I think we could get along.

Macy --- Blast my timbers, Ralph. You just said you figured the store wouldn't last through the winter. Now you==

Ralph --- Well, I meant it wouldn't if you went on the way you are heading now. New departments - getting into lines you know nothing about - But by specializing as we did in the old days--

Macy --- Yes, I see what you mean.

Ralph --- I could let you have a thousand right away for new stock in feathers and ribbons. In fact, I can put two thousand in the business.

Macy --- As much as that? !

Ralph --- Mattie and I have been able to save in the last four years. It would be too bad to have to close up after all the work we've put into this store. and there are the family ties, and - well -

Macy --- I'll have to think it over, Ralph. Good of you to offer to come to my rescue, but, - well, I'll have to think it over.

Ralph --- As I see it, if we could find an up and coming young feller for superintendant, the good-looking kind, who would appeal to the lady customers-- then he could be floor-walker as well.

Macy --- You know - I think Margaret Getchel has handled the glove department darned cleverly.

Ralph --- Well, I don't know -

Macy --- Things weren't going well there with Kitty Foley and the buyer - but Margaret got that ironed out, and now that she's taken on the women's hosiery, things are running more smoothly there. I've been thinking of trying her out as Superintendant.

Ralph --- Poppycock! That's not a job for a woman!

(He splutters)

Why - why - she's too young in the first place - even if a female could handle it, - and - and --

Macy -- She seems to handle the salesladies and the customers as ably as anyone in the store, and makes them like the way she does it. Although she is a woman, I can't seem to feel that makes so much difference. Whalemen's wives in Nantucket have been running their own shops while their husbands are at sea, ever since I can remember.

Ralph -- (Throws up his hands) Mark my words, it'll be the final blow to this business if you let a woman boss the floor. I wash my hands of the whole affair!

(Knock on door)

Better see who that is.

Macy -- (Crossing to door, Left) Come in.

(Margaret Getchel stands in doorway. She is in street dress and carries several small ledgers)

Margaret -- Good evening, Cousin Rowland. I stayed at the store to balance the ledgers, and I thought you might like to go over them tonight. That is, if everything is all right. Did Rowly get -- I mean, is he home yet?

Macy -- Yes, Rowly's all right. I got him off but -- he's not home right now. He slipped out a few minutes ago. There was a parade. Can't figure why he doesn't come back.

Margaret -- (Coming into room, slips off her cape)

Good evening, Mr. Thornton. How is Mrs. Thornton feeling this evening?

Ralph -- (Thinking of something else) Who? Oh, Mattie? She's about the same-- about the same. Well, if you two are going over figures, you won't need me. Besides -- as the saying goes -- two's company and three's-- well -- you know!

(He laughs foolishly)

I was going to turn in anyhow!

(Margaret looks up, surprised--and then amused.
Macy, Looking out window, doesn't even hear Ralph)

Ralph -- (As he goes) Don't forget, Rowland. You better think over my offer or you may be very sorry. Good night, Miss Getchell

(Exit Ralph)

Margaret -- (Still amused, watches his exit) Good Night, Mr. Thornton.

Macy -- (Turning from window) Sit down, Margaret.

Margaret -- I'm afraid I've interrupted a business consultation. I didn't need to come in, only -- I thought you ought to--

Macy -- (Sitting wearily at Left of table, while Margaret sits Right)
I know. You figured you ought to let me see that there'll not be enough cash to pay the salaries the end of the week.

Margaret -- Well, Cousin Rowland, I wanted you to know first of all that you could let mine go until sales pick up again. Sales today were only \$40.18. Then I had to pay out \$2.00 for the making of dolmans,-- \$22.75 to the sign painter for the new sign. 72 cents for six new hoops and that leaves only 23. 71 cents in the drawer, and--

Macy -- Nothing in the bank. It all went to free Rowland.

Margaret -- Oh, dear ! Why so much ?

Macy -- They couldn't prove anything against Rowly except that he was drunk-- intoxicated, excuse me - ! I got him off that charge by paying a fine. But to keep the owners of the stores where the damage was done, from prosecuting, and averting a public scandal. I had to pay all the damages - the others had no money.

Margaret -- (Leans over table - interrupting gently)

Cousin Rowland - I hope you won't think me presumptuous - but I've managed to save something in these last few years - more than I ever could have saved by teaching school, - and I'd be so grateful if you would use it.

Macy -- Now, Margaret, - you mustn't get soft-hearted.

Margaret -- But I have about a thousand dollars, and I'd like nothing better than to put it in the business. Really, I feel so keenly that R. H. Macy's "Grand Central and Fancy Goods Establishment" will one day be the biggest and finest in New York City - that I'd be proud to feel that I was part of it. More than just bookkeeper and in charge of gloves and hosiery.

Macy -- By gad! You're a great girl! It would be a big gamble ! But I could put the money into china, as we planned.

Margaret -- Yes - We'll sell it cheap.

Macy -- There's a new importer I heard about - Lazarus Straus and Sons. I'll take a chance with them, since this wholesale firm of Wheelock wouldn't take a chance with me.

Margaret -- (Looks up quickly) Wouldn't they? Why, I thought surely I heard Mr. Wheelock say they would, when he was talking to Mr. Thornton this afternoon in the office. At least he spoke as if he were going to - as I left my desk to go into another part of the store.

Macy -- (Explodes, as he looks off Right) So that's what he did! The bastard! Thornton himself told Wheelock of the Haverhill failure to force me to take him on as partner! Well, I'll be damned ! !

Margaret -- (Half listening) I don't understand?

Macy -- Never mind! It isn't anything you need to know about. But that settles it! That decides me ! Yes sir! Margaret, I'll accept this money of yours as an investment - and at the same time I've a little promotion in mind for you - in spite of -

Margaret -- (Looking up, quizzically) Mr. Thornton?

Macy -- Never mind Thornton! It's a ^{big} departure in merchandising to have a woman at the head of things, to be sure. But, I've watched you and I believe you can do it! I want you as the new Superintendant of the store.

Margaret — Me — Superintendant! Why, Cousin Rowland — what an honor! But do you really think I can do it?

Macy ——— Wouldn't give you a try at it, if I didn't! It's an innovation, as I say, but Macy's is getting to be known for its innovations, — and I believe it will work. You know the inside of the business as well as anyone. You're fair and they all like you.

Margaret — And after we get the china-ware department going, I know a picnic department will do well in the summer! And you've said you'd start a lunch-room next Fall! Why, none of the other stores have those departments! I'd even like to see you try potted plants and flowers.

Macy ——— By Gad! If the china-ware saves us this time — we can start most anything.

(Voices heard off stage, Right — under window)

(Voices, off-stage)

" Hurrah for Rowly Macy ! "

Rowly — (Off-stage) Keep quiet! I'll hurry !

Voices — (off-stage) Sure! Sure thing, we'll keep quiet! Hurrah ! Three cheers for The Bonnie Blue Flag !

Rowly — (Running into room, flushed with excitement)

Gee willikins! I've done it! And say, — am I glad !

Macy ——— (Has risen and crossed to Rowly)

Rowly, you've been drinking ! You've broken your promise already!

Rowly ——— Only had one, Pa! Honest ! Had to celebrate the occasion!

(Louisa appears in the doorway, Right, in a wrapper)

Louisa — What's the matter, Rowly? What is it?!

Rowly — It's a big occasion! I'm a soldier, Ma! I've signed up! I'm going to war !

(Ralph and Mattie have come to door, all react to this announcement)

Louisa — (Trembling) Oh — No — No ! You can't mean it !

(She runs to him)

Macy — (Sternly) What did you say?

Rowly — I've enlisted! They need recruits! We go to the barracks tonight, right away! Then, to camp tomorrow!

Louisa — (Clinging to him) I can't believe it! I can't believe it !

Rowly — But Ma— I'll come back a hero ! Then you'll be proud of me!

Macy — My son is going out to kill his fellow-man?

Rowly — But Pa, I'll prove that I can be brave. Then everyone will forget about what happened last night.

(untangling himself from his mother's grasp and crossing to door, Right. Mattie and Ralph step inside to let him pass)

But I got to hurry now! Just get a few things in a bag! They told us to be at the depot in an hour!

(Rowly and Mattie exit)

(Margaret goes to Louisa, who breaks down, sobbing)

Louisa — Stop him, Rowland! You can't let him go!

Macy — There's no stopping him now, Louisa.

Louisa — But he's under-age! If you tell them that —

Macy — He's made his decision!

Ralph — He'd be conscripted in another few months, anyhow, Louisa. When he's eighteen. They're taking everyone they can lay their hands on. The North's in a bad way.

Louisa — My poor boy! He'll be killed — He'll never come home again. I know he won't!

Ralph — Louisa — It'll make a man of him.

Margaret — The war may be over before he gets into battle.

(Voices call through the window)

"Hey Rowly -- hurry up ! We'll be late! Come on, Rowly!

Rowly -- Coming quickly with coat and cap and carpet bag, He stops to put on coat)

They calling me? Tell 'em I'm coming! Goodbye, Ma - I'll write- Honest!

Louisa -- Here, Rowly - take this blanket. You'll need it.

(She takes plaid blanket from back of chair
and puts it around his shoulders)

Mattie -- (Mattie sho has slipped in from Right with a package)

Rowly, dear boy - here's some of that chocolate cake I made.

Rowly -- Thanks, Aunt Mattie. Goodbye, Uncle Ralph. Take care of Ma, Cousin
Margaret.

(He comes face to face with his father,
near doorway) (He puts out his hand)

Goodbye, Pa--

Macy -- (Macy will not take his son's hand) May God forgive you!

(They stand for a second looking at one another)

Rowly -- (Getting himself loose from his mother, who has been grasping his
right arm)

I got to go, Ma. Goodbye--

(He kisses her hurriedly)

Louisa -- (She breaks down, sobbing, in chair, Left of table)

Oh, my boy - my poor boy!

Voices -- (off stage) Here you are, old socks! Come on! Hurrah -- we're off!

What we won't do to those Rebels! Hurrah, for the Bonnie Blue Flag!

(Voices singing "Johnnie Comes Marching Home")
(Mattie cried on Ralph's shoulder)
(Margaret stands with head bowed)

(Macy slowly turns to window - stands looking out as
curtain falls)

CURTAIN

Copy 2

"MACY'S BRIGHT STAR"

ACT III

TYPE-BLASE
-A-
-A-

Act III

Scene 1 - (Scene I. can be omitted)

Time - May - 1865

Setting: - A New York City street, - a painted drop - down stage - showing the front of Macy's store. The building is of brownstone, with door in center and show-windows on each side, over which there are awnings. Over the door is a sign reading R. H. Macy - 204-206 Sixth Avenue. There is a display of umbrellas in Right window and mourning veils and bonnets in Left window.)

When the curtain rises, a small newsboy, a street urchin, sits at curb of street bouncing a ball- noise of traffic and street cries are heard in distance. As he bounces his ball he recites a verse in sing-song manner.

Boy -- I won't go to Macy's any more, more, more -!
There's a big fat policeman at the door, door, door -!
He grab me by the collar and he make me pay a dollar -
So I won't go to Macy's any more, more, more !

(At the same time street cries are heard)

(Off Right - "Rags! - rags! - who's got any rags ???)

(Off Stage Left - "Pots - pans 'nd kettles t'mend ! - Any Pots, pans, kettles t'mend !!! ")

(Man with cart, selling bananas, crosses stage calling "Bananas, Hey")

(As boy finishes poem and banana-man exits, Left, from stage Right, come the Widow Harris and daughter Euphemia)

Widow Harris -- (Seeing boy) Poor child ! No place to play but the streets !

Euphemia -- Mama, let's stop at Mr. Macy's store.

(She goes to window, Right of door)
(Widow protests)

But I passed Rowly on the Street yesterday and he looked so handsome in his uniform ! I thought he might be in the store now, and---

Widow --- Euphemia, you are too bold for your years ! We must go ahead with our marketing.

Euphemia --- (At window, Left of door) Oh, Look, Mama! They have mourning veils for a dollar ninety-five cents! That's cheaper than at Stewarts.

Scene I

(Widow Harris continues Left - with Euphemia following.
Before they exit they pass a Union officer and his
young wife. They all recognize each other and bow.)

The Wife -- (To husband, as others exit) That's Colonel Harris' widow.

Union Officer - (Looking up at store) I see Macy's is still going strong.

The Wife -- Oh, yes ! They've the best bargains in town.

(At window - Right of door)

Look at those nice umbrellas for only two-ninety-eight!

Union Officer - Would the little woman like an umbrella ?

Wife -- (Smiling at him) Well - I would.

Union Officer - We'll come back later. The store hasn't opened yet.

(As they walk off- Right)

Macy's son was in my company. He got into some sort of scrape.

(Just as they disappear the street urchin
calls after them)

Boy --- Hey, Officer - you dropped your wallet !

(Union Officer turns around inquiringly)

April Fool !

(He runs along street and off right calling out)

Papers , - get your morning papers ! !

BLACKOUT

MACY'S BRIGHT STAR

ACT III, Scene II

SCENE II

Scene II

Time - is continuous, 1865) (Drop rises - Lights come up, showing interior of store.)

Setting: - Interior of Macy's store. At Back-running off stage Right - is the umbrella counter with a series of umbrellas laid out on counter and another lot in a stand at end of counter. At Right- downstage - facing off Right, is a semi-circle counter, with gloves laid out on it a boxes of gloves underneath.

At Left- extending almost to stage, center, is the office, on a raised platform, if possible. One step leads to opening near Center-stage. Inside office a small roll-top desk at back wall with chair in front, with back to audience. A small pot-bellied stove is just visible to Left. A chair is down Left, and at the other side, near door, is a stool. Desk is piled with ledgers, papers, etc.

When curtain rises, Macy is sitting at the desk with back to the audience, busily writing. At umbrella counter, Belle Crossland, a middle-aged sales-lady, of the prim sort, with a fussy, energetic manner, is re-arranging umbrellas. While Kitty Foley, a younger and more languid type, in a bored manner, straightens out the gloves and glove boxes, at the counter down, right.

Belle -- (Calling off- back, Left) Rosebud Moss! How many times do I have to tell you to bring me a new salesbook! They'll be opening the doors in a minute !

Kitty -- R. H. has to say his piece first. It's Monday, and say--did I hate to get up (She yawns)

(Margaret Getchel comes from back - she has grown in dignity and charm, and has gained in authority. Her manner is brisk and business-like.)

Margaret -- Good morning, Belle. Hope you had a pleasant Sunday?

Belle -- Good morning, Miss Getchel. It wasn't pleasant at all. I stayed in bed drinking hot lemonade and sneezing all day! This weather!

(Belle sneezes)

(Running in with salesbook for Belle. Rosebud, a small cash-girl, with pigtails, who looks like anything but a rosebud. She wears a plain dark dress, with a pinafore and black shoes and stockings.)

Rosebud --- Here you are, Miss Crosspatch !

Belle --- Mind your manners, girl !

Rosebud — (Makes a face at Belle behind her back. Margaret catches her and looks reprovingly at her. Rosebud is contrite.)

I'm sorry, Miss Getchel !

(She runs off, Right)

Margaret — Good morning, Kitty. You've arranged your gloves nicely, but remember not to leave the same ones out so long, they'll get soiled. I hope Mr. Macy will soon purchase some of those new kind of glass cases to protect our merchandise.

(She walks off, Right)
(Voices heard off-stage)

"Good morning, Miss Getchell. Good morning - etc."

(Meanwhile Macy has looked at his watch. He gets up quickly and goes to door. Standing on step, he holds up his hand impressively)

Macy — Silence, Please!. I have the Monday morning announcement.

(Clears his throat)

The clerk who has made the largest amount of sales during this past week is our saleslady, Miss Belle Crossland! The amount—one-hundred and thirteen dollars! Congratulations, Miss Crossland!

(There is mild applause and response, I.E: "Good for Belle. Well, Well, so Belle made it ! ")

(Belle is confused and pleased but tries not to show it)

Kitty — With rain every day, it's a cinch !

Macy — Ladies and gentlemen of the sales-force. As we start on a new week I would like to remind you to bend every effort to make it a profitable one. And now the doors can be opened!

(Macy goes back into his office)

(Margaret enters from Right - goes to office)

Macy — (Without looking up) Have they all checked in on time?

Margaret — All excepting our other Cash She's out sick.

(Shalpitke up ledger from top of desk and sits, down left, making notations in book)

(Meanwhile, Ralph Thornton has hustled across from Right)

Ralph --- (Entering office, belligerently, with a glance at Margaret)

Hope I'm not intruding! Look here, R. H.! What's the meaning of these new prices in the window? Two ninety-eight,--one-ninety-five?

Macy --- Thought I'd try 'em out.

Ralph --- Absurd! Why not round sums as before? You'll lose money on every sale.

Macy --- Probably sell more! I have an idea people will think they're getting a bargain. One-ninety-eight sounds a lot less than two dollars.

Ralph --- Nonsense! Just confuses the sales force - and as bookkeeper, why wasn't I consulted! It's going to take twice as long to add my columns.

Macy --- But as floor-walker you've complained that you believed several of the sales force are pocketing small sums by handing in no sales slips. Now I figure that more often than not a customer won't have change for these irregular amounts and to get change a clerk is obliged to make out a slip.

Ralph --- Nonsense! It's too complicated!

Macy --- And as soon as I find the right man, you'll be relieved of the floor-walker's job and have plenty of time for adding your columns.

(Ralph goes out huffily and before he crosses, goes to glove counter and straightens a few pairs of gloves. He does the same at umbrella counter. Both clerks look at each other and then watch him off with disgruntled expressions. He exits Left.)

Macy --- (Who has gone back to his writing at desk, chuckling) (Turns to Margaret)
Here's something else Ralph won't cotton to. My new add for next week's papers:

SCENE II

Macy
Cont'd — "Trade is good at Macy's, and they
are as happy as clams at high-water
at Macy's. Go all hands, go in
together, and be happy at Macy's."
Now what do you think of that? Bully, isn't it?

Margaret — (Laughing heartily) If any Nantucket sees that, they'll come
running!

(A customer comes from Right, looking over goods first
at glove counter and then at Umbrella counter. Belle
and Kitty, in pantomime, show their goods to her. She
leaves without making a purchase.)

(During the above Macy speaks to Margaret)

Macy — No sign of Rowly yet, I suppose?

(He looks into store through glass windows)

Margaret — Do you really expect him to start working so soon? Three days at
home isn't very much, after three years in the army!

Macy — (Chuckling to himself) And, of course, Louisa's making the
most of it! That's natural, I suppose. When I first got back,
after four years at sea, my mother made every excuse to keep me
home.

Margaret — I can hear Aunt Eliza - not raising her voice - but being very
persuasive.

Macy — But I don't want Rowly wasting too much time. He's got to make
up for these lost War years. He'll be taking over the business
some day and I have big plans for him. But where to put him to
start with is the question?

Margaret — Why not with Mr. Peters? Rowly'd feel more at home in men's
furnishings.

Macy — I think you're right.

Margaret — That reminds me, Mr. Peters showed me that last lot of linen
bosoms we got from Hilton's. They really aren't satisfactory.
The material is thin and the tucking's far apart.

Macy --- Mark 'em down! And, by Gad, why can't we make our own in the future?

Margaret --- Well, why not ?

Macy --- If we have to be our own manufacturers to get reputable goods, by Jericho, we'll do it ! I'll have that sotre-room on the third floor cleared out; and you see about engaging a couple of sewing women.

Margaret --- All right, R. H.

Macy --- With plenty of fine Irish linen coming into this port every week I can pick up some yardage at a bargain at one of the auctions. We'll fool old Stewart and those Lord and Taylor folk. We'll have better "bosoms" than any store in town !

Margaret --- Mr. Peter's sister's done sewing for us before, I'll send a not home to her.

(She is writing on a pad. - "Cash" ! "Cash" is heard from off stage, Right - after a pause Rosebud crosses stage, Left to Right, and disappears. After another pause she recrosses stage and disappears, off Left. In another minute she returns carrying parcel wrapped, and change in basket and goes off Right, as before, and later recrosses to shere she started from. This procedure is followed whenever "Cash" is called, unless parcel is to be delivered.)

(Meanwhile a customer has come to umbrella counter, looked them over, and gone on to glove-counter, where, in pantomime she picks out a pair of gloves, which Kitty tries on while the next scene goes on, in office)

Ralph --- (Entering hurriedly perturbed, from back-Left, enters Office)

Sorry to keep disturbing you two ! But - Listen to this, R.H. - and don't say I didn't warn you ! Just came from the parcel department and one of our parcel-boys says one of A. T. Stewarts' parcel-boys boasted that Stewart's going to mark his seventy-cent gloves down to sixty-cents to-day to undersell your sixty-three cent gloves. You have a price war on your hands---just as I said you would !

Macy --- Well, I'll be damned ! And he announced in a loud voice at Delmonico's the other day that he was ignoring me and my cheap prices. All right, We'll mark ours down to fifty-nine cents !

Ralph -- That's less than you paid the importer !

Macy -- Never mind. I announced I had the cheapest gloves in the city, and I'll stick to my word !

Ralph -- And I heard the other day, R. H., that Stewart's and Lord and Taylor and Daniel Greene, Arnold Constable's, and the rest, were going to get together and run you out of the city. Now I---

Macy -- I know ! YOU're warning me ! But, they won't !

Ralph -- The merchants did in Haverhill.

Macy -- Haverhill ! Can't you ever let me forget it! This is New York ! There's room for all of us here ! Don't fret - they're just trying to throw a scare into us. They'll go on keeping their prices up and get the high-class trade. I'll go on selling cheap and get the cheaper trade, but - my goods will be high-class! - Now, I must see Peters about having Rowly start to-morrow.

(He hurries out of office and stops at glove counter)

Miss Folwy, mark down those 63 cent gloves to 59 cents - for today only.

(Ralph overhears and looks disgusted)

1st Customer (Who has just purchased gloves)

Fifty-nine cents!? Why, I'll take two pairs, thank you !

Kitty -- (Starts to make out another sales slip and calls)

Cash ! Cash !

(Macy turns to Ralph with a triumphant look)

(As Macy starts to go off up-stage, Right, Rosebud, the cash-girl comes running through isle, and bumps into him. She is holding her ears and crying)

Macy -- Well, well, what's this ?

Kitty -- What's the matter Rosebud ?

(Margaret, hearing the commotion, comes quickly from down, Right)

Rosebud -- (Through her tears) Mr. Clarkson boxed my ears -- because--because
I took a cracker from the picnic counter !

Macy -- Stealing the stock, eh ?

Rosebud -- I was hungry. I didn't have any breakfast.

Macy -- Why not ?

Rosebud -- There wasn't any.

Margaret -- I'm afraid it's true, R. H., Rosebud doesn't always have enough to
eat at home.

Macy -- Tell Clarkson to let her have crackers or anything else within reason
whenever she wants it. Can't have children going hungry around here.

(He exits - Right - upstage)

Margaret -- There now, Rosebud, dear - dry your eyes and run along. You'll be
all right.

Rosebud -- Oh, Miss Getchel. You'se ain't like a boss at all !

(Kitty has put money and parcel in Rosebud's
basket. Rosebud exits - Back - Left.)

Margaret -- (To customer) We apologize for the delay -- she'll be right back.

(Margaret hurries off--Down Right)

Ist Customer-- Now that was real nice of Mr. Macy

Kitty -- Sure thing! Even if he does give the cashes only a dollar-fifty
cents a week, he gives them a box of candy and a silver dollar at
Christmas, and a picnic at Staten Island in the summer. They
don't do so bad.

(Rosebud comes back with change which she gives to Kitty,--
who in turn, gives parcel and change to customer.)

Thank you, Ma'm.

(Ist customer exits, Right)
(Meanwhile a severe looking lady customer has come to
Belle in the umbrella counter. She carries an umbrella
wrapped in brown paper which she takes out and shows to
Belle. The handle of the umbrella is broken.)

Belle -- (On her dignity) We've never had any complaints before !

2nd Customer - Can't help that! There it is ! Broke right in the middle of a downpour ! Ruined my hat ! I want to see the manager.

(Ralph appears from up-stage-Left)

Ralph -- What is it, Belle?

(Pompously to customer)

What can I do for you, Madame ?

2nd Customer - (Showing him umbrella) I bought this only yesterday and it's broke already! She sold it to me - she can't deny it! And I want my money back !

Ralph -- (Looking over umbrella) But, we check over all our merchandise. I can't understand what happened, unless you caught it on something--

2nd Customer - Did nothing of the kind! And I want my money back ! Mr. Macy has it here in The Tribune: (Taking clipping from hand-bag she reads Impressively)

"Any article sold from this establishment-not suiting or not being what it is guaranteed, will be exchanged or the money refunded, as the customer may elect, within one week after purchase. R. H. Macy, 204 Sixth Avenue, New York City."

There you have it in black and white! And I elect my money back!

(Macy has come from Right-Thornton seeing him, exits.)

Belle -- Mr. Macy ! Here's a customer who's brought back an umbrella with a broken handle. She says it came off in her hand. I remember welling it to her yesterday, and it certainly was all right then. I am very careful to examine them all.

Macy -- How-de-do, Ma'm.

2nd Customer - You are Mr. R. H. Macy? Well, now maybe we'll get somewhere! I came all the way up here to 14th Street to purchase an umbrella I saw advertised, and on the way home a shower came up. I raised the umbrella and in no time at all the handle had come off and there I was - exposed to the elements! and I demand my money back--because right here in the New York Tribune you---

Macy --- (Who has been examining umbrellas) Yes, Ma'm. It's my policy to guarantee my merchandise. There must be a defect in the umbrella due to bad workmanship, But I regret you have been inconvenience and you may have your money back at once.

(He writes out a memorandum)

Here, Belle, take this to the cashier.

(Belle goes off, Back-Left)

(Macy takes money from his pocket for customer)

2nd Customer - There! You're as good as your word, Mr. Macy! Aren't many stores that say they'll take back goods and then do! But honesty is the best policy!

(She exits - Right)

Macy -- (Picking up other umbrellas and trying out the handles. He becomes more and more irate)

Bad! Bad! All of them! Jumping Jehosephat! The man that sold 'em to me didn't know about honesty being the best policy!

(He picks up one umbrella after the other and breaks each one over his knee--throwing it on the floor, much to Belle's consternation. Kitty also is perturbed)

Belle -- Oh, Mr. Macy! Please---don't!

(Margaret appears from Right. She shows consternation also, at first -- then watches proceedings half amused.)

Macy -- (After throwing umbrellas on floor) What's more--they're all paid for! Wait till I get hold of that manufacturer! Ne'll get a piece of my mind he won't forget!

(He stalks into office, slams door and sits at desk.)

(Margaret goes to Belle)

Belle --- Oh, Miss Getchell! I think I shall faint!

Margaret --- No you won't, Belle! We working women can't indulge in fainting!
Come help me pick them up!

Belle --- (Ready to cry) All my pretty umbrellas! Now what will I have to sell?
and I won't be able to make the most sales this week, that's certain.

Margaret --- Never mind! We'll get out some parasols and advertise them as pre-season bargains!

Gelle --- (Still sniffing) I can never put my heart into selling parasols!
They seem so frivolous.

(Rowly Macy, in Union soldiers uniform, enters, from Down-Right, followed by Abiel Laforge, in the uniform of a Captain. Rowly is a spruce looking young blade now, with a more or less superficial manner. Laforge, quite the opposite, is tall, handsome, with a quiet manner, giving the impression of strength and kindness. Rowly, seeing Margaret standing with her arms full of broken umbrellas, crosses to her quickly, with Abiel close behind.)

Rowly --- Let me take those, Cousin Margaret--

Abiel --- Allow me --?

Margaret - (Standing between them, looks from one to the other and smiles.)
Thank you, gentlemen. But they're all in pieces and I had best hold onto them. We--we had an accident.

(Kitty Foley guffaws and Belle glowers at her.)

Rowly --- (Introducing Abiel) This is Abiel LaForge, Margaret. The Captain of my company.

Margaret --- How-de-do, Captain LaForge. I'll have to shake hands later, but I do want to. We've heard so many fine things about you from Rowly.

(They smile at each other, obviously both impressed.)

Abiel --- I'm honored, Ma'm. (He bows quite low.)

SCENE II

Margaret -- Please excuse me. (She exits Left)

Abiel --- (Looking after her) Who is that lady, Rowly? One of the clerks?

Rowly --- Margaret Getchel-- a cousin of ours. And she's no clerk-- she's the superindendant of the store.

Abiel --- A woman Superintendant! That's a new notion!

Rowly --- Pa's full of new notions. (At office door) Here he is ---

Kitty --- (Whispers across the counter to Belle)

Ain't he the good-looker? !

(Macy rises - Rowly ushers Abiel into office)

Rowly --- Pa---this is Captain LaForge -- I wrote you about him, remember?

Macy --- By Gad, he did, sir! Glad to meet you! Yes, Rowly's letters have been full of your praises. Honored to know you, Captain. Please sit down .

(Abiel crosses to chair, down Left. Macy sits at desk, Rowly sits on stool half in doorway)

Abiel --- I understand you're a Captain, too, Sir, a ship's Captain ---

Macy --- I'm sometimes called Captain Macy-- Only by courtesy. I spent four years at sea, on a whaler, a Nantucket Whaler, and I'm proud of it. Guess I've talked too much about it, *so they dubbed me "Captain"*

Abiel --- Anyone who's been at sea for four years deserves some kind of title, I should say.

Rowly --- Abiel's just come to the city, and he stopped by the house this morning, so I brought him to meet you.

Abiel --- This city's sort of strange to me. I'm here to be mustered out, and I had Rowly's address -- so I thought, well, - he won't mind if I come by to say "howdy". You somehow miss the army, and all your men, when you first get back.

Macy --- But not the killing !

Abiel --- No - Not the killing. But there's the other side of soldiering,--

SCENE II

Abiel cont'd— the comradship — it makes up for a lot !

Macy ——— Nothing can condone War, young man! It's against God's Law —
That's our Quaker belief. It took me a long time to accept Rowly's
enlistment. But now that it's over - well - I must let bygones be
bygones —

(He gives Rowly a look - Rowly turns away)
(Macy continues to Abiel)

Where is your home, Captain?

Abiel ——— I was born in Fishkill, up the river. But as I've only a married
sister left, I plan to make New York my home. That is, if I can
find employment.

Macy ——— You'll have no trouble. City'll forge ahead now. There'll be plenty
of work for everybody.

Abiel ——— No doubt, in the future - but right now, with so many returned soldiers,
it's another story!

Macy ——— See, Rowly — my boy, just what I been telling you ! How doggone
lucky you are to have a good job waiting for you!

(While they have been talking, the widow Harris and her
daughter have come to umbrella counter. While her
mother is occupied with looking at umbrellas, the
daughter catches sight of Rowly sitting in office door-
way. She wanders to glove counter pretending to be
looking at gloves. Finally, Rowly catches sight of her
and jumps up)

Rowly ——— Excuse me, Pa.

(Rowly goes to speak to Euphemia. They greet—she
is shy and coy. They talk in pantomime at Right,
while Macy and Abiel talk inside.)

Macy ——— Rowly's to start as a clerk. But as soon as he gets the hang of things
I want him to go ahead with the buying. I need him to take some of the
load off my shoulders. And he'll have a great opportunity here in the
future.

Abiel -- He is lucky, all right !

Macy -- Meanwhile, got to keep him busy, so he won't get into trouble again.
My wife and I can never be grateful enough to you for helping him out
at the time of his courtmartial for desertion. He doesn't know I
communicated with you, and then your getting his sentence reduced and
transferred to your company, that was a life-saver for him !

Abiel -- After I made him Company Clerk, he settled down all right.

Macy -- (His face clouds) We'll never know where he gets his taste for liquor !
and that's the root of all his trouble.

(Meanwhile Mrs. Harris has been glaring at
Euphemia and Rowly)

Mrs. Harris -- (Coldly) Euphemia -- I am waiting !

Euphemia -- (Starting - turns quickly) Yes, Mama !

Rowly -- (To Euphemia, as she crosses to her mother)

I'll drop by your house soon --

(Mother and daughter exit.)
(Rowly re-enters office)

Kitty -- Some goils gets all the chances !

Macy -- (Seeing Rowly entering, obviously changes subject.)

Tell me, Captain. What sort of work do you want to go in for ?

Abiel -- It's hard to say. I did think of wholesale merchandising, but --

("Cash ! Cash !" - from off stage-Right.)
(Cash-girl crosses)

Macy -- That's a good line. I can help you there. Be glad to introduce you
to some of the firms I know. Though it's my custom to deal directly
with manufacturers and importers whenever possible. But, Look Here,
Captain -- any objection to going into the retail business?

Abiel -- No, not exactly. Only I --

SCENE II

Macy -- Been sizing you up. I've been looking for a bright young man like you.
Be glad to give you a try at it.

Abiel -- (Embarrassed) Well, Mr. Macy. I wasn't aiming to ask you for any favors.

Rowly -- Why not? And if Pa says he can use you, why - heck, it's a cinch 'l.

Macy -- Yes, I mean it, young man.

Abiel -- Well, I hadn't rightly thought about retailing, --

Macy -- Try it ! And if you don't like it, no harm done. You can always turn to wholesaling. Only if you ever want to start out for yourself, it takes more capital to get going in the wholesale game.

Abiel -- I can see how that would be true.

Macy -- Why look at me! I have as many as eighty employees now. By gad, six years ago, when I started here, with mighty little capital, I had only ten people working for me by the end of the first year! Did all the buying myself. Since then I've had to take in another building on 14th Street, and some of our male buyers get as much as \$28.85 a week.

Abiel -- That's a handsome salary.

Macy -- Now, you're personable - and you must know how to handle people, or you'd never gotten to be a Captain in the Army. I'm in need of a new floor-walker. You could start there and get into the buying later.

(Macy catches sight of Margaret who has come to glove-counter, and who with Kitty, is admiring Abiel's looks, through doorway.) (Macy rises and crosses to door)

Margaret ! You're the one I want.

Margaret -- (Crossing to him) Yes, Mr. Macy ?

Macy -- (Indicating Abiel) You met this young man ?

(Margaret nods)

Margaret -- (Shaking Abiel's hand) I have two free hands now !

Macy -- And so far as we know, she has a free heart too, Captain. Anyhow, Margaret, look him over.

SCENE II

Margaret -- (With a twinkle) I've done that, already.

Macy --- Well then - have a talk with him. Show him the store. We might work him in as our new floor-walker.

(To Abiel)

She'd be your boss !

Abiel -- That would be a new sensation !

Margaret -- (Laughingly she turns to him as he comes out of office)

Captain LaForge, are you thinking of going into merchandising ?

Abiel --- I really haven't made up my mind.

(Looking at her admiringly)

But under these circumstances, I might be open to persuasion.

Margaret -- (Turns off the compliment with a laugh as they stroll off.)

We have ten different departments, now. I'll show you our new one, first, - the picnic counter, where we have all sorts of edibles for eating al fresco.

(They exit - Right)

(Macy has lit a large cigar and watches them as they go. He now turns to Rowly)

Macy --- (Expansively) Well, my boy - by Gad ! This is a good sight !

You here - in the store! This is where you belong, not away fighting.

Rowly -- Well - Pa ---

(Macy goes right on not noticing Rowly's lack of enthusiasm)

Macy -- I have great ambitions for you ! First of all, you are to start clerking in men's furnishings. I've spoken to Peters. He'll show you the ropes.

(He notices that Rowly is hesitating)

Oh, of course, I can see that you want to be with your friend today, - take him around the city - I'll give you some extra cash for that. But then - tomorrow, bright and early, you can start in.

SCENE II

(Rowly has grown more and more uncomfortable - finally he speaks awkwardly and hesitatingly)

Rowly -- Pa - I've - well, - I've thought about it a lot, and - well - the fact is - I'm not sure I want to go into the retail business.

Macy -- (Looks at Rowly, almost startled) What's that ?

Rowly -- I've talked it over with Ma, and I don't think I want to go to work in the store.

Macy -- (His temper rising) Damn it! What's come over you?! Not come into the store?! Why do you think I'm wearing my guts out, building up this business, but for you to take over some day? !

Rowly -- But, Pa --

Macy -- (Goes right on) So you and your Mother talked it over? ! You're a fine pair I must say ! You must be daft, both of you ! Well - I'll not hear of any such nonsense, let me tell you !

Rowly -- (Impatiently) I'm of age - I can be on my own if I want to! and I'd rather try something else first, at any rate.

Macy -- Can't you realize the opportunity you'd be missing? This store is growing every day, every week ! By God, we've done almost as much as six hundred dollars worth of business in one day during the holidays. You'll be a rich man someday - what they call a merchant-prince! That's what you could be !

(Macy looks away dreaming of a mighty empire)

I can't live that long, but you will ! Don't tell me you'd think of turning that aside?

Rowly -- (Irritably) But if I don't take to buying and selling, why, I don't think I'd be very good at it.

(Louisa Macy has come on from Right. She is well-dressed and has a slight air of feeling her importance. She nods coldly to Belle and to Kitty, and stops to look at gloves while listening to the heated argument in the office.)

SCENE II

Macy -- Jumping Jehosephat, Rowly, how can you know, when you haven't tried it?

(Louisa appears in doorway of office.)

Macy -- (Seeing Louisa) Oh - hello Louisa, presumed likely you'd be turning up!

Louisa -- (As naively as possible) However could you have surmised that my last pair of gloves would come apart as I started out for market?

Macy -- (Irritably) Look here, Louisa - what's this Rowly's telling me about his not wanting to go to work here at the store - he says you and he talked it over--?

Louisa -- (Trying to look surprised) Why Rowland, he only mentioned it to me - and I - well, I told him he'd have to talk to you about it.

Rowly -- But Ma, you said --

Louisa -- I know, I agreed that one of the professions might be more- more broadening.

Macy -- I see-- you don't think store-keeping is good enough for you son - You're ashamed of the old man? You and Rowly want to get into the social swim? I've suspected something of this sort.--

Louisa -- That's not fair, Rowland! -- You always twist my remarks so they sound outrageous: (She dabs her eyes with her handkerchief)
But Rowly is ambitious, and he has a right to try his wings after what he's been through. I should think you'd be so relieved to have him home again, you wouldn't mind what kind of work he wanted to try!

Macy -- What else does he know how to do?

Rowly -- I thought I'd like to write -- to be a newspaper-man, perhaps?

Macy -- That takes training. And you've never done any writing that I've heard about.

Rowly -- I scribbled some notes and impressions at camp. - Or - I might like to go West to try my luck.

Macy -- What for? With a big opportunity right here at your doorstep?

Rowly -- You went to California, Pa.

SCENE II

Macy -- And lost every penny I made in Marysville.

Louisa -- Suppose Rowly studied to be a lawyer? How would that strike you?

Macy -- That's all right, if he wants to try it. He can work in the store in the day, and study for the law at night. Lots of young men have done just that. Look at President Lincoln!

Rowly -- But that way would take too long.

Macy -- If you care enough about the Law, it won't matter. Meantime, you'd better get to work here. There's been too much time wasted already.

Louisa -- Well, Rowland, the boy has to have some new clothes. He can't go on wearing his uniform, no matter what he does.

Macy -- And you need money for that, don't you?

(Reaches for bills in drawer in desk)

Here's all I can spare now, make the most of it.

(Macy has caught sight of Louisa's glove she dropped)

And don't forget, you said you needed gloves, Louisa.

Louisa -- (Quickly tries to hide her gloves in skirt pocket)

Oh, yes, to be sure!

(She is counting money)

Thank you, Rowland.

(She starts out of office.)

Macy -- Just remember, if it weren't for the store, there'd be no Shekels to ^{do} ~~done~~ out. I started at 6 dollars a week. You'll get more than that. and someday you'll be head of the store, It will be all yours!

Rowly -- Yes, Pa.

(He follows his mother) (They cross stage in front of counters and exit, stage - Right.)

(Meanwhile Belle has given wrapped umbrella, which cash-girl brought, to Soldier and wife. At same time Ralph Thornton comes from Left.)

Wife -- Thank you.

SCENE II

(Wife takes her husbands arm and they exit up-stage-Right)

Ralph -- (Over to Belle, with a snooping manner)

They make a purchase ?

Belle -- Yes, a black silk.

Ralph -- Let's see your sales-book.

Belle -- (Angrily, showing it to him) There! It's all entered - don't fret!

Ralph -- Just want to see there are no mistakes, Miss Crossland. Can't be too careful.

(He crosses to office)

Belle -- (Making a face after him) He thought I hadn't entered it !

Kitty -- The old snooper !

Ralph -- (Entering office) Well, R. H. - sales aren't so good. Guess it's the weather. Starting to rain again. I just came in to warm up at the stove.

(Macy, writing at desk, doesn't look around,
only grunts in response.

Belle -- (Calling off - Left) Rosebud ! Light these three gas jets - it's getting dark in here.

(After a pause Rosebud enters with long metal
holder with taper - with which she lights the
two gas jets, one near office door, and one be-
tween counters at Right and off Left - not seen)

Ralph -- (At same time Rosebud lights gas-jets)

Who's that whipper-snapper the Getchel girl seems to be taking time
out to show around the store ?

Macy -- I asked Margaret to show him around. That's our new floorwalker, at
least I hope so.

Ralph -- New Floor-walker ! But I thought that I --

Macy -- (Still writing) I told you I was trying to find a younger man for
that job. You surely don't want to stay on as floor-walker with the
shipping to look after and all the bookkeeping ?

SCENE II

- Macy — (Looks around at Ralph) I believe you do. I believe you like being
cont'd on the floor so you can keep track of everybody !
- Ralph — Somebody has to keep an eye on what's going on! And if you're going to
give the job to that mealy-mouthed looking young greenhorn - why - well
then - I'm through! I'll quit the whole damn business. !
- Macy — (Who has turned back to his writing, turns slowly and looks at Ralph)
You know, Ralph — I think that's a damned good idea.
- Ralph — (Taken aback) What ? What's that you say ??
- Macy — I say - I agree. I think it would be a good idea if you did quit,
if you and I parted.
- Ralph — (Splutters with surprise and anger) What do you mean ? You're
going to turn me out ?
- Macy — You were the one who suggested it.
- Ralph — I - well — maybe I spoke too hastily. After all, it was I who gave
you your start !
- Macy — As if I have ever been allowed to forget it ! No, Ralph — I've felt
for quite a while that you and I would do better going separate ways.
You've opposed me at every turn — you've never approved of any of my
ideas.
- Ralph — You're running them into the ground - anyone can see that ! This
price-war — this trying to undersell everyone else in town. They're
out for you - I warn you - don't say I didn't!
- Macy — By Gad, Ralph ! That's just about the millionth time you've warned me—
and the store seems to be getting along pretty well in spite of all your
warnings.
- Ralph — But R. H. —!
- Macy — Jumping Jehosephat! I remember how you objected to this location seven
years ago. And already the city is moving up to it and people have
found us out through what you call "My bizzarre advertising"!
- Ralph — Yes - but —!

SCENE II

Macy -- And now, because I want a personable young man, whom I feel has ability, for a job, you are totally unsuited to, you register another complaint! By God, Ralph, I'm through listening to your objections!

Ralph -- If you want the kind of man who is going to flirt with all the sales-girls, all right! Why, he was standing right there at the ladies underwear-counter trying to flirt with the Getchel girl not five minutes ago!

Macy -- I should think any young man, worth his salt, would try to flirt with Margaret. She's a darned attractive young woman!

Ralph -- (With insinuation) I've always assumed you thought so!

Macy -- Just what do you mean by that remark?!

Ralph -- (Meaningfully) Well - anyone can see how you have felt about Margaret Getchel all along ---

Macy -- (White with anger) Yes - ? Just how do I feel about her?

Ralph -- Well - !

Macy -- What are you insinuating anyhow? Out with it!

Ralph -- Well - ---

Macy -- (Outraged, he wheels around and jumps up)

If you weren't my wife's brother I'd punch you in the nose! You dirty scandal monger! You know damn well I've never any more than admired that girl, at a distance, for her good sense, and her good looks! - Now admit it!

(He grabs Thornton by the collar)

You come clean and spit out the truth! Or by God I'll ---

(He raises his hand to him)

Ralph -- (Really frightened) I know, R.H. *- I know, - there's not anything between you and her, but others might think there was, - you promoted her over some of the men in the store, and, and, - you and she are in the office to-gether a lot of times and ---

Macy — (Still holding him by the collar) And why not ? We have business, about the store, to do together ! No - you only want to make trouble, that's all ! You've been envious of me because I've gotten ahead and you haven't ! Now go - get out of here ! You're fired ! !

(Macy lets him go and opens the door, Ralph pulls himself together, straightens his collar quickly, and rushes out. As he passes Kitty Foley, who has just had a customer, she holds her salesbook out to him.)

Kitty — Mr. Thornton - sign for a parcel to be delivered ?

Ralph — (Angrily and haughtily) I sign nothing more in this store !

(He exits quickly as Kitty and Belle exchange glances)

Kitty — What's "eating" him !

Belle — (Whispers) They've had another quarrel !

(Macy has paced up and down his office. Finally, he picks up some papers from his desk and comes quickly from office - seeing lights, he stops.)

Macy — What's this ! Who ordered those lights lit ! Wasting gas in the middle of the day !

Belle — We had to have them lights, Mr. Macy. The customers couldn't see. It's gotten so dark outside on account of the rain.

(He has gone backstage - turns and looks off Left)

Macy — Well, I'll be damned! Who's gone and put a shade on that light against my orders? I pay for this gas and I'll not have shades covering up the light ! I want all the light I pay for !

(He takes a cane from the stand and crosses quickly, off-Left, A smash of glass is heard.)

(Belle and Kitty both exclaim. Margaret comes running from Right - followed by Abiel)

Margaret — What's happened, Belle ? What is it ?

(Macy comes back with cane which he plunks back into stand. Margaret turns away not to let him see her amusement as she realizes what has happened.)

SCENE II

Macy -- Who put that globe on one of our lights when I ordered they were to remain uncovered ! ?

Margaret -- I did, R. H. ! That's a dark corner and it seemed to diffuse the light better with a globe.

Macy -- Damn it ! No one obeys my orders any more !

(He stalks into his office to get his coat and hat)

Margaret -- (At doorway - smiling beguilingly) Well, I've done my best to persuade Captain LaForge, as you asked me - and I think He's about decided to throw in his lot with us.

Macy -- (Climbing into coat) Glad someone feels that way ! By Gad, I'm going to Delmonico's for lunch and I won't be back this afternoon. I've had about enough for one day !

(He is crossing the stage)

You can have the store all to yourselves ! Run it any way you like !
Put globes on all the lights, for all I care !

(He exits in a hurry, as they all watch him off)

Margaret - (Can hardly suppress her giggles as she runs across to Left)

Rosebud ! Bring me that box of globes - quick! (Turns to Abiel with a smile) Before Mr. Macy changes his mind! It's worth sacrificing one globe to be allowed to use them!

Belle -- So you've had them all along !

Margaret -- Thought it best to have them handy ! We must have globes - it's too dangerous without anything to confine the flame.

(Rosebud brings large box of glass globes.)

Margaret -- (Takes one out of box, looks at Abiel, smiling) Do you still think you want to join the staff of R. H. Macy's ?

Abiel -- (Looks at her adoringly) It's a challenge ! But I think I'd like to try it !

CURTAIN

SCENE 3

Time: Seven years after Scene 2

Setting: Same as Scene 2. Christmas decorations are all about the store. Crude crepe paper streamers, etc. A wreath on office door, etc.

At curtain there is an air of festivity and a rush of business. Belle, looking quite a lot older, is still behind the same counter, but selling furs, neck-pieces and muffs instead of umbrellas. She has two customers when curtain rises and calls "Cash, Cash." as soon as curtain rises. Fanny, small cash girl, comes running to her counter. At same time, a voice off Right calls "Cash, Cash", and a second Cash-girl, Millie, hurries across from Left to Right. Kitty Foley has just had a customer and is busy putting gloves back into their boxes, when a handsome young woman, beautifully gowned, sweeps between the aisles to the center of the stage. This is Rose Eytinge, a well-known actress of the day. She wears a small hat with an ostrich feather that curls to her neck - her cloak is wine velvet with ermine collar and she carries a small muff, her train is caught up by a strap around her arm. She crosses to glove counter catching Kitty with her mouth half-open with excitement, as she has recognized the celebrity and has called Belle's attention to Rose.)

Rose -- Christmas shopping is such a bore! I think I'll give gloves. I'll have two of these white kid -- Oh! And these black with white stitching are entrancing! Send two of these - all in my size. Then, if they don't fit my friends, I'll keep them for myself! Please have them delivered.

Kitty -- To your hotel, Miss Eytinge -- or to your theatre? Oh, I did think you were grand the other night!

Rose -- Thank you! Juliet is such an exhausting role - but a lovely one! send the gloves to the New Fifth Avenue Hotel at Broadway and 23rd Street. Oh, yes - and charge them to me there.

Kitty - (Embarrassed) Why, Miss Eytinge - I'm sorry - but we aren't allowed to charge anything.

Rose -- Oh, but everyone knows me! Just let me see Mr. Macy!

(Abiel LaForge comes from Right)

Kitty -- Mr. LaForge! Miss Eytinge - this is Mr. Macy's assistant--

Rose -- (Turning to Abiel) Are you the Superintendent?

Abiel -- No, I'm not - she is busy at the moment. But maybe I will do. I'd be glad to help you -- I'm sure. (He smiles and bows)

SCENE III

Rose -- (Attracted to Abiel, she flashes him a smile.)

A woman superintendant, eh? Well - I always prefer to deal with men! You may have heard of me? I'm Rose Eytonge - starring at the Academy of Musix - and I always buy my colognes here.

Abiel -- I recognized you at once, Miss Eytonge - and we are always flattered when you honor us with a visit.

(He smiles again at her)

Rose -- Macy's is the only store in the city that has such a grand choice of imported scents. And now - for Christmas presents -- I want these four pairs of gloves - and being short of cash at the moment, I must charge then. Only your saleslady seems to think---

Abiel -- It just so happens it has been a policy of Mr. Macy's since he started to have no charge accounts. We actually have no accounting system whereby one may charge. But, Mr. Macy has a small fund in his office set aside for his own family to draw on-- and I feel sure he would be glad to make it available to you.

Rose -- Very well, then / Let Mr. Macy pay for them - and I'll send him a pair of front row seats for the opening of my new play!

(She sails off, leaving Abiel looking rather blank and taking money out of his own pocket)

(Meanwhile, Margaret, who has come quickly from Left-Back with a fur piece for Belle's counter--has overheard what transpires between Abiel and Rose Eytonge, now comes forward as Rose leaves)

Margaret -- (Teasingly) Don't think you got out of that very well! What will R.H. do with a pair of seats to a play when he has just gotten religion at the Moody and Sanky Revival Meetings?

Abiel -- (Giving money to Kitty who is writing out slip)

Never mind - we'll use them to celebrate !

Margaret -- (Pretending to be haughty) And what have we to celebrate, may I ask? And I now can see why you were so willing to leave the buying

Margaret -- department/ for your old job of floor-walker to help out
cont'd. during the Christmas rush. There aren't any beautiful
actresses to pacify in the buying department!

(She exits quickly, stage-Right)

(Abiel smiles, looks after her fondly, then turns and
exits - Back Left)

Kitty --- (Who has had her eye on Margaret and Abiel now leans over to Belle's
counter and speaks in a loud whisper)

I don't think she's accepted him yet !

Belle -- How do you know ?

Kitty -- From something she just said !

(Calls of "Cash, Cash" - Millie crosses to answer)

(A customer appears, carrying many parcels)

Customer --- Oh, sakes alive ! I want gloves for Aunt Hattie and the children.

Well, I'll have to come back. Can't carry anything more! Is the
store open tonight ?

Kitty -- Yes Ma'm - until nine.

Customer --- Thank you.

(She exits - Right)

Kitty -- And do I dread it! By the time we clear up and get home it's midnight!

(Call of "Cash, Cash" off stage - Fanny answers)

Belle -- That's nothing! Several clerks in the toy department had to stay so late
last night straightening out the stock -- that they slept on the counter!

Kitty --- Go on ! Well another Christmas at Macy's, Belle! And it's most over.

Belle -- Yep! You and me have been through quite a few, Kitty Foley !

Kitty -- And sure'n it's the truth!

(Off Stage, "Cash, Cash" - Millie answers)

(Customer comes to Belle's counter and goes through
pantomime of buying a fur neck-piece during next scene)

(Abiel comes from Left - goes into office - takes a piece
of mistletoe out of pocket and hangs it from gas jet
overhead. Looking off Right he sees Margaret coming
from Right. He comes out of office and meets her
center-stage)

SCENE III

Abiel -- (Pretending solemnity) Miss Getchel! I have been ruminating over your previous remark and if you will join me in the office, I can show you something that is cause for celebration.

Margaret -- But, Mr. LaForge -- there's been a crisis in the toy department! They've made so many sales they are all out of salesbooks!

Abiel -- (Calling off) Fanny! Run back to the cashier and tell Mr. Smith that Miss Getchel says to give you two salesbooks for the toy department.

(Fanny looks from Abiel to Margaret)

Fanny -- Shall I -- Miss Getchel?

Margaret -- (Nodding her head) Yes, please. Now hurry, Fanny. And thank you.

(Margaret follows Abiel to office door. He ushers her inside and carefully closes door, which is noted by Kitty who cranes her neck through the next scene to watch what is going on through the glass of the closed door.) (imaginary door)

(Maybe NO room for a door)

Abiel -- (Picking up ledger from desk.) Now the first cause for celebration are these figures. I stayed until two o'clock last night going over the books. Yesterday's sales were -- one thousand dollars!

Margaret -- (Radiant in smiles and excitement)

Not really! One thousand in one day! Why, last year we never went over six-hundred dollars. Won't R. H. be pleased! That is something to celebrate!

(She is leaning over desk looking at ledger. He takes her hand, speaks seriously)

Abile -- Marge -- I'd like to have something else to celebrate. It's only two days until Christmas. Can't you make it a really Merry Christmas for me? I've waited nearly seven Christmasses already!

Margaret -- (She has kept her face away, now she turns smiling mischievously) Gracious me! It isn't that long since you first asked me?

Abiel -- No! It took me two years to muster up enough courage!

Margaret -- (Banteringly) You mean it took that long to make up your mind you

Margaret -- you wanted to ask me! Well, then- it's taken me twice as long
cont'd

to make up my mind I'd have you !

Abiel -- Do you mean you will?

Margaret -- Did you really think I wouldn't ?

(He grabs her arms)

(She laughingly tries to pull away)

Hot here !

(Abiel points up, showing her the mistletoe. He takes her in his arms quickly and kisses her.)

(Meanwhile, Kitty, who has been watching, calls Belle over and they creep nearer to the door so they see the embrace. At this point, first a customer wanders in from Right and goes from counter to counter looking for someone. Then, Macy comes stalking in quickly, wearing a high silk hat and carrying a cane- dressed in a cutaway)

Macy -- (Seeing women peering through door) What's this! What's this !

Ladies, you have customers!

(Belle and Kitty scurry back to their counters as Macy stalks into office. Margaret and Abiel are standing hand in hand in center of office.)

Macy -- (Standing on threshold, looking astounded)

Well - I'll be (Catches himself) I do declare!

Margaret -- It's all right, R.H. - we're engaged!

Macy -- (Disturbed - trying not to explode in anger)

All right? All right? You say! Being engaged may be all very well for you two - but what about taking time out for such things in the Christmas rush! How's that for me!

Abiel -- (His enthusiasm not dampened) But, R.H. - there's no telling when a miracle like this will happen!

(He puts his arm about Margaret's waist)

Margaret -- (Happily) And R.H. - aren't you surprised and pleased!?

SCENE III

Macy -- (Snorts) Surprised? And pleased? Been Afraid this was going to happen for years! We've all wondered how long it would take you two to make up your minds !

(Kitty calls "Cash, Cash" - Fanny answers)

Margaret -- (Looking at Abiel, lovingly) Oh - I made up my mind the day I met him!

Abiel -- (Astonished) What!

Margaret -- It took him so long to decide to ask me - I decided to keep him waiting a while longer !

Abiel -- Well - I never !

Macy -- And now you have to go and spring it in the midst of our busiest season of our biggest year. When ---

Margaret -- (Gleefully) We did a thousand dollars worth of business yesterday, R.H.! Isn't that splendid!

Macy -- (Diverted for a second) A thousand in one day ! Well, I'll be da---

Margaret -- (Interrupting) Be careful! Remember your new resolution!

(Customer, (Male) enters - crosses to glove counter)

Macy -- (Solemnly) Thank you - thank you, my dear! Still, that amount of business proves how much I need you both to be on your toes -- giving your utmost for the next two days!

Margaret -- We aren't children, R.H.! We can still attend to business - in spite of---

(She looks at Abiel and smiles)

Macy -- That's not the only trouble- not the only question to be settled.

(Turns to Abiel)

Young Fellow! Guess you don't realize how important this girl is to the store! Why I don't see how we can get along without her!

Abiel -- But, R.H. * Margaret needn't give up her job, if she doesn't want to.

I realize she's not the ordinary kind of girl - to sit home and darn socks.

Macy -- That's all very well - all very well! But I don't approve of husband and wife working in the same business. Never have. It's a bad idea - makes

Macy cont'd— for trouble !

Margaret — I thought you'd feel that way, R.H. That's really why I took so long to say yes. The store has become such a big part of my life, I had to see it well on the way to success before I felt like withdrawing. But now, doing a thousand dollars a day - there'll be no holding it back! You won't need me!

(Customer enters Right—browses at both counters -
Exits up Right)

Macy — Need you more than ever! We'll all have to hump to keep up with the business — even after the Holidays.. And I've got to go abroad on a buying trip! Who'd I leave in charge, I'd like to know? Who else knows the ropes?

Abiel — Well, R.H. - I've had another offer from Barton and Brothers. A pretty good one. I can--

Macy — (Quickly) Won't hear of it! Can't do without you either! Have plans for you! I figured Barton was angling for you - always trying to do some underhanded trick - the --! (Stops himself short) No - I need someone to take the load off my shoulders in the office-end of things. I'm not a well man - and with Rowly, well - You know I can't rely on him. Don't you see? I need a partner, young fellow! And you're the only man around here I have any confidence in. I figured you'd do - if - -

Margaret — (Breaks in) A partnership in Macy's ! Oh, Abiel - I wouldn't stand in your way for all the world !

Abiel — (Tenderly and solemnly) And I wouldn't give up our partnership for any other kind.

(Macy watches them - then clears his throat)

Macy — Tell you what I'll do. I'll pray over this matter. That's what they tell us to do at the Revival Meetings - when problems can't be solved - pray! Moody was in his best form this morning! You two ought to go to these meetings - even if you have no bad habits.

Abiel -- (Laughingly) Oh - Oh, I wouldn't say that!

Margaret -- (Teasingly) Speak for yourself !

Macy -- Religion's my one comfort now, - that Rowly's gotten so out of hand, and Louisa just sits and cries, asking me to do something about him. As if I hadn't tried everything ! I even got the boy to go to the Revival Meeting to-day. Left him there with Louisa. If only Moody can persuade him to hit the sawdust trail !

Margaret -- Rowly's sure to have a change of heart, soon.

Macy -- (looking off-stage - Right) What's **L**ouisa doing here in the store, when I thought she was at the Meeting? And I don't see **R**owly with her--

Margaret -- Let me find out --.

(She starts - as Louisa comes on, from Right,
Hurriedly and excitedly)

Louisa -- Oh Rowland, Oh Rowland, It's happened ! It's happened !

Macy -- What's happened --? For God's sake tell me ? !

Louisa -- Don't be blasphemous Rowland ! Your son has been converted ! He's "taken the pledge" !

(She starts to cry)

Oh, it's a miracle - I can't get over it! He sat there so quiet and dejected, and when Mr. Moody began pleading for the lost souls to come forward and walk the sawdust trail, why, Rowly's face got whiter and whiter and then, he went, the very last one, but he got up and went forward to where they were all kneeling and taking the pledge and Mr. Moody was blessing them.

Macy -- Where is Rowly now, Louisa ?

Louisa -- He's coming, any minute, he asked me to tell you first. Now be gentle with him, Rowly, be kind, because he'll be the way you want him to be from now on, I feel sure he will. He won't drink any more, I know he won't. But don't make him work in the store any more if he doesn't want to ?

SCENE III

Margaret -- (Going to her) Cousin Louisa, I'm so glad for you, so thankful !

(They embrace)

(Macy is staring, off-Right, as Rowly comes slowly, Looking frightened and meek)

(Margaret and Abiel slip out)

(Rowly pauses a second, Macy holds out his arms to him -- Rowly goes quickly and they embrace)

Rowly -- I'm a new man, father, All of a sudden I don't want to drink ! I want to do what's right. You'll help me, won't you ? You won't let me be a back-slider, will you ?

Macy -- Of course, Rowly. of course ! I am proud of thee, real proud !

Rowly -- And I'm sorry - really sorry for all the trouble I've caused you, and I'll make up for it - truly I will, believe me!

Macy -- I believe thee, son.

Rowly -- Suddenly I saw the light ! I'd been all torn apart inside, didn't think I cared what I did, and then all at once I knew I did care.

(Louisa has been crying softly, now Rowly turns to her and puts his arms around her)

Don't cry, mother---

(Meanwhile Kitty has quietly tip-toed to door of office and listened at opening. She nods to Belle and crosses back quickly to her)

Macy -- Rowly, you can give up your job in the store if you want to--I'll get along without you- and we'll find something for you to do--something you you'll cotton to.

Rowly -- Pa, thanks - but, I guess I like the store after all. Anyhow, I don't know what else I could work at and make any money, - I'll stay.

(Macy pats him on the back)

Kitty -- (Half whispering) It's true, he's taken the pledge ?

Belle -- Wonders will never cease !

(They scurry back of their counters, Macy stalks out door and crosses to the Right-talking as he goes)

Scene III

Macy -- I want to tell everyone ! Rowly's taken the pledge - Rowly's hit the sawdust trail !—

(Belle and Kitty say "We know - we know!" as they go to doorway of office where Rowly appears - they shake his hands)

Kitty -- Congratulations Rowly !

Belle -- We knew you would someday.

(Margaret and Abiel come from different directions and they also congratulate Rowly)

(Two customers bustle in and go first to one counter and then the other. Macy returns - sees customers)

Macy -- Ladies you are not off duty ! A customer is waiting. This is our best season yet - please get back to work !

(Belle and Kitty attend to customers)
(Macy stands on steps of office with others grouped about him)

Margaret -- And R.H.- it looks as if we'd do a thousand dollars worth of business again to-day ! (Puts hand on Rowly's shoulder)

This is a day to celebrate !

(Taking Macy's arm they come center as she points off stage-Right.)

Margaret -- Look off there, at what you've built up ! Near the door,—the fancy-goods department that you started with ! Flowers, feathers, ribbons, — eleven dollars the first day's sale. Now look at the crowded counter ! Next, the hosiery department, and men's furnishings; then millinery —

Macy -- As I remember, that was your idea—

Margaret -- House furnishings came later: and dress-goods, with such alpacas and bombazines as "Stewart's" has never had in his great marble palace of a store ! Next - the toy department, didn't we take out ladies' corsets to put in toys —?

Macy -- And had to put back corsets to pacify the ladies ! So we had to rent the store next door.

SCENE III

Margaret — We have more departments now than any other store in New York,

We're what they're calling a "Department Store" !

Macy — Pretty good for a couple of Nantucketers ! And, Margaret, you've done more than anyone else to help this store grow to what it is, can't do without you. So - when you two get married, you can stay on as superintendant of the store and I'll give Abiel a partnership as a wedding present. We'll try it anyway - We'll try it. Good idea don't you think, Louisa ?

Margaret — Oh, Cousin Rowly, how wonderful of you !

Abiel — Thank you, sir, thank you. (Turns to young Rowly)

You see, Rowly, this has all come about through our friendship in the Union Army. If I hadn't happened by that day to say "howdy" I would never have been given a job at Macy's - never met my future bride - never had the opportunity to become a partnet in the largest department store in New York. All due to you, Rowly.

(They all shake hands and congratulate Margaret and Abiel, while Macy crosses over to Belle's counter) (He takes a bill from his pocket and hands it to her)

Macy — Christmas present for you, Belle.

Belle — (Has taken money) Ten dollars for me?! Oh, Mr. Macy, Thank you !

Macy — Well, you're my oldest employee. Those Christmas sales fourteen years ago were what saved our neck. You were at the ribbon counter then, I think.

Belle — A very Merry Christmas, Mr. Macy !

(Macy crosses to Kitty, whose customer has just left) (He hands her a bill also)

Kitty — Oh - Mr. Macy, thank you, and Merry Christmas !

(As Macy moves away Kitty and Belle wave their bills at each other, both saying "Merry Christmas" gleefully)

SCENE III

(Macy, now at center of stage, by himself;
he looks out over the store)

Macy — It's grown to be quite a store, Damned - (corrects himself) - darned
if it hasn't !

(Speaks slowly and thoughtfully)

Macy — Yes, it's been quite a vi'ge.

(Lights fade - spot-light comes slowly onto
Macy's face. Sea music is heard softly in
background, - also fog-horn in distance)

(Voice of Captain Clark, as in Prologue, calls
gruffly from off-stage)

Off - Stage Voice — "Who's that green-hand at the wheel ? Whose steering
my vessel with only one star in sight ?

Macy — (Whispers as if in a dream)

Macy, sir, - the coopersmate .

Off - Stage Voice — It's right by the compass. You're a Nantucket whaleman,
I might have guessed you'd find your way in a fog.
Stick to your star, Macy !

Macy — Aye, aye, sir !

(Music and spot fade)

CURTAIN